

BELLEFONTE REPUBLICAN.

ESTABLISHED IN 1869.

"Let us see to it, that a Government of the People, for the People, and by the People, shall not Perish from the Earth."—A. LINCOLN.

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NO. 18

BELLEFONTE REPUBLICAN

BY EDWARD T. TUTEN.

Terms, \$2.00 per annum in Advance

POLITICAL NOTES.

—Kansas City elects a Republican Mayor.

—Dubuque, Iowa, gives a Republican majority of 375 for Mayor.

—The Republicans of Michigan make a gain of 9,000 over last Fall.

—All the signs of the times indicate that no Northernman will receive the Democratic nomination to the Presidency.

—The New Yorkers have got their Cardinal, and the Cardinal has got his red cap; now let us have a rest.

—The Republicans of Indiana Pa., have elected delegates to the late Convention, with instructions to support H. H. Wilson, Esq., of that county, for State Treasurer.

—"Catch the bear before you sell his skin," Governor Tilden.

You must oust those canal thieves before your "reform" cries will bring any grist to your Presidential hopper.

—Gov. Hartranft has placed us under obligations for a copy of the laws passed by the Legislature during the session of 1875. The acts are fifty-nine in number, and occupy but fifty-eight pages of the ordinary pamphlet form.

—Since the repeal of the Local Option, we have seen more drunken men on the streets of Bellefonte in one day than we did in a year under the old law, and still they talk about the old law being a failure. We don't see it.

—Indiana papers boast that the school fund of that State is two million dollars more than that of any other State in the Union. So much the more despicably mean, then, to exclude the children of colored taxpayers from participation in its benefits.

—Some dissatisfaction is expressed in Catholic quarters because, at coronation of Cardinal McCloskey, "none of the Washington officials were present, as had been expected." Did they look for the formal subordination of the Republic to the hierarchy thus soon?

—Every public school in Texas was built under Republican rule; but now, under Democratic administration, free schools are being crushed out, and more penitentiaries ordered. That is the difference between the two civilizations, and really it seems a notable one.

—The idea of woman suffrage is rapidly growing in England, and among its open advocates many of the best and most eminent men and women in that country, which shows the high character of the cause as represented socially and individually. On the whole, the movement seems likely to triumph a good deal earlier than here.

—The *Woman's Journal*, in an analysis of the recent vote in the Massachusetts Legislature on woman suffrage finds that in the Senate 10 Republicans voted for suffrage while 17 Democrats and 10 Republicans voted against it. In the House 58 Republicans, and 14 Democrats and 8 Independents voted for suffrage, and 66 Republicans, 48 Democrats, and 3 Independents voted against it.

The next fourteen months will be packed with century anniversaries of the memorable events of the birth time of our history.

REPUBLICAN STATE CONVENTION.

The Republicans of Pennsylvania are requested to assemble, by their delegates, in the Opera House in the city of Lancaster, at noon, on WEDNESDAY, May 26, 1875, for the purpose of nominating candidates for Governor and State Treasurer.

Each Senatorial and Representative district will be entitled to the same representation therein as they are entitled to under the present appointment of Senators and Representatives in the Legislature.

By order of the Republican State Committee.

RUSSEL ERRET,
Chairman.

A. WILSON NORRIS, Sec'y.

OUR TAXES.

Week before last, the *Watchman* called attention to the fact, that we were paying for collecting taxes in the borough of Bellefonte, upwards of \$1,500 a year, or three dollars for each taxable within the borough, and asks the very pertinent question, why is this? For our part, we cannot understand why the people will submit to be taxed \$1,500 for a service which could be performed for \$200 a year, making a saving every year, in this one direction, of \$1,300 per annum. Are the people of this borough so dead to their own interest that they are willing to sit idly by and see money squandered in this way? We do not wish to be understood as casting any blame upon the officers of the borough, or the council. If any blame attaches itself anywhere, it rests with the people. The officers are only following an old custom, long established. But we hope our people are not entirely devoted to the Democratic idea, that because a custom is old, that therefore it is sacred.

In the olden time, our fathers established laws and rules for their day, which served their purpose, and no doubt were wise and proper at that time; but things are changed, and new times demand new measures, and now when our town is struggling under the burden of a heavy debt, it should be the demand of the people, that the strictest economy be practiced in every branch of our municipal affairs, and where can we make a better beginning, than by saving \$1,300 in collecting taxes. Our treasurer has offered to do this work for \$200 a year. Any one would think that such a proposal would be accepted at once, and yet, to our certain knowledge, this offer has stood open for months, there being no one to inquire into its practicability, or to make any inquiry at all concerning it, and the suggestion of the *Watchman* has been made (as far as our observation has extended) to deaf ears. If our people will persist in being so indifferent about a matter of so much importance as this, we opine, that it would not require very close scrutiny to find that the same extravagance extends through all the ramifications of our municipal affairs, from the most important to the more trifling, and if this should prove to be the case, the people have no one to blame but themselves. They are the masters, and should take an interest in their own business. Of course we have no fault to find with Mr. McGinley, for he has been faithful to his duties. We have often heard him express the opinion, that a less cumbersome method of collecting taxes might be adopted with profit to the borough.

Will the people attend to this matter, or will they continue to pay for this service seven times as much as Mr. Harris will perform it for?

—The *Living Age* we said was dead, died with water on the brain; but this is not so, it was only sleeping. It will be around soon again with a patent outside. It is a temperance paper and has done yeoman service for the cause.

WHOLESALE SLAUGHTER PREVENTED.

We saw it stated a few days ago in an exchange, that numbers of persons had been poisoned, and upon investigation, it was found that the poison was in the table salt used. This led to the inquiry, how came the poison (which was arsenic) in the salt, and in seeking a solution of the problem the following facts were discovered:

The steamship *Niagara* entered the port of New York with a cargo of 1950 sacks of salt and 100 barrels of arsenic. The voyage to New York was rough, and during the severe tossing the ship received, quantities of the arsenic were shaken out of the casks and became mixed with the salt. It is the persons in charge of the stowage of the cargo were to blame. A dangerous poison like arsenic should be so placed in the hold that no portion could possibly escape and find its way to where a substance so generally used in food as salt was stowed. Indeed, it is questionable whether arsenic and salt should be carried in the same vessel. But it seems that the casks containing the metallic poison were placed in the hold above the sacks of salt, and it also appears that some of the sacks were stowed in among the casks. Disposition of two such substances in that way in a ware-house would be reprehensible. To so place a poison and an article of food in the hold of a vessel to be exposed to a tempestuous ocean at an inclement season of the year, was an act of grave criminal recklessness. But the negligence did not end here.

When the cargo was being discharged, it was seen that some of the arsenic casks had been stove in and the contents scattered over the salt bags. Common sense should have told the persons in charge of the unloading that the salt should not be sold until at least an examination had been made, to see if the arsenic had penetrated the salt sacks. Instead of that, the salt was delivered to the consignees, who promptly shipped quantities of it to their customers. At last it dawned on the minds of those concerned in the cargo, that before it was all discharged, an analysis of the salt should be made. Samples were furnished to a chemist, and he detected, by the usual tests, unmistakable evidence that poison was present in the salt, and that the salt was unfit for human food. Instantly then, intimation of this discovery was sent by telegraph to the persons to whom the salt was sent.

It is dreadful to contemplate the destruction of human life which would have ensued had the whole of the salt been disposed of to consumers.

STRANGE AND INCONSIDERATE.

We know a christian minister, an earnest, and we believe, honest man, who has said repeatedly, that he believed a certain paper to be immoral in its teachings and influence, and a dangerous thing to take into a family, or put into the hands of little children; and this paper has lost no opportunity for the last two years to blackguard this minister, and say hard things concerning him and his people, and to speak lightly of his teaching, and yet, we have heard this same minister recommend it to the attention and perusal of his hearers, from his pulpit, twice on one Sabbath day. "Oh, consistency, thou art a jewel."

During the short time that the Chicago Reform Club, composed of reformed drunkards, has been organized, four auxiliary clubs have been started, with an aggregate membership of several hundred, and the opinion is confidently expressed, that there will be twenty of these clubs before the expiration of the first year. The plan includes the establishment of attractive club-rooms, where refreshments, without drink, shall be furnished at moderate prices together with facilities for reading and writing, and harmless means of recreation.

—See P. T. Barnum's advertisement on 5th page.

A JURY MAN WRITES TO HIS WIFE.

Well Nancy I told you I'd surely Take time to send you the news, Which will help, so you say, like the mischief In my absence to keep off the Blues.

But it troubles me most, just to know what Of interest there is to report, Unless I should tell, and I will too, Of things that have been doing at court.

Well Nancy, in truth this here courting Is a mighty poor business at best, And before I'd do much of the same I'd Take Greeley's advice and go west.

To try Carter's suit, would you think it, It took up the whole of a day, And it was all on account of the shooting Of a bound that belonged to old Quay.

Local option's been knocked, and the fellows Who were bent on keeping hotel, And saloon, were here for the purpose Of getting a license to sell.

But some of the fellows didn't make it, As would say our worthy new mayor, And ever since those same fellows they tell me Arise with the lark for to swear.

There's Yony, ponderous, heavy weight Yony, Who a hasty does keep down the road, He swelled up when his license was granted Till he resembled a thousand pound toad.

The spirit merchant, William, he missed it, He says such threats are no sport, And hopes destruction may save the whole Country, And the devil take lawyers and court.

Now Nancy I'll wind up my letter, I've no more of importance to write, And if the new License Law don't undo me I'll be home about Saturday night.

Yours, GRANGER.

—The Lebanon, Pa., *Courier* thinks the Democrats ought to nominate Mrs. Woodhull for Vice President, because of the similarity of views entertained by the latter on matrimony and the former on the Union of States. She believes that married people should remain together no longer than is agreeable to both of them, and that husband or wife has the right at any time to annul the marriage contract; they hold that the union of States is nothing more than an "affinity" of sovereign Commonwealths, and that when any one of these Commonwealths chooses to withdraw and destroy the Union, they have the right to do so, and that there is no power in the National Government to say no to it. In view of this harmony of principles, the *Courier* makes the above suggestions.

The World's Show of the Great P. T. Barnum Coming.

Although this stupendous amusement combination is to pitch its acres canvas colleges for the first time in Bellefonte on Monday, May 17th, its national fame has given it the most favorable of local introductions everywhere, and there are, besides, many of our readers who, having seen it elsewhere, are prepared to unqualifiedly indorse the assertion that it is really more than twenty superior shows in one, and in marvelous magnitude, magnificence, variety and moral character, many times the most comprehensive, beneficent, costly and extraordinary enterprise in all the annals of field entertainment.

When this gigantic combination was first put upon the road, the managers of shows previously considered first-class in proportions, jeered at it as a madman's experiment, and a crazy innovation on the old-rut order of things, which could never be made to pay a title of the running expense, and was certain to break in pieces from its unwieldy weight, and fall in ponderous, irremediable ruin on its projector's enterprising head. The result—even far beyond Mr. Barnum's own most sanguine anticipations—is too well known to require comment. There was a method in his madness, utterly confounding the dismal saw dust prophesies. His lunacy was contagious, and soon began to set the whole country wild. Crazy millions congregated from all sections to view the almost superhuman results of this crazy curiosity seeker's managerial efforts; and his wild researches and speculations have more than kept pace with the culminating excitement, until the press—moonstruck, like all the rest—unanimously pronounced the result altogether too multitudinous for description. In too words of Coleridge's priest, "Where all the world is mad 'tis worse than madness to be sane," and so when the 1,000 men and horses, 100,000 cardinal curiosities, 1,500 rare animals, birds and reptiles, and superb procession of "The World's Show" will make their appearance, this community, and those adjacent, may as well calmly prepare themselves for an epidemic attack of emotional insanity, which will culminate in a visit to the

vast city of twenty centre pole pavilions. So put your households in order, and prepare to go crazy on the date above named over P. T. Barnum's insane but eminently successful effort to put himself a full century ahead of all other showmen, and establish a veritable Traveling World's Fair.

A great temperance meeting took place lately in the Catholic Church of Council Bluffs, Iowa. Many could not gain admittance. In response to the fervent appeal of the Priest, over four hundred and fifty signed the pledge, and the work is still going on.

OUR ASSOCIATED PRESS LETTER.

PHILADELPHIA, April 26, 1875.

THE BAZAAR OF NATIONS.

Now that this novel entertainment has ended, I can, with propriety, tell what I saw there, without being accused of advertising the affair. The whole thing was well gotten up, but as the Art Gallery was the feature of the Exhibition I shall confine myself exclusively to a description of a few of the many pieces of vertu exhibited. There were just 142 pieces of works of art, all nicely catalogued on cream-tinted paper, and among those which attracted most attention, were the "Lone Picket," by A. Carpenter. This was, indeed, true to nature. Castle on the Rhine, Tax on Cotton, by C. Obbler. Mustered Out, by C. Astor, a very striking exemplification of the artist's skill. Tales of the Sea, by Herring. Nothing could possibly be truer to nature than this. The Little Indian was good, and ought to be on exhibition at the Centennial. The Bust of a Commentator, by Mercer, attracted very great attention. Portraits, of Washington and Lincoln, by Gummey D. Trampit, were said to be, by visitors to European Galleries equal to any works of art they saw there. Rules in China, by Ash, was perfect, but the Old Mill and the Waterfall, called to mind an old familiar scene. The Skipper's Home, by Cheesman, was, in my judgment the best piece on exhibition. You could not hear the old Skipper talk, while looking at them, but it did not require a vivid sketch of the mind to imagine them living, moving beings, animated with life and vigor. A more truthful illustration was never presented by any artist.

To describe all of the 142 would take more space than you can spare, and, in a word, all were excellent, but those especially good, were a view of the famous Switch-back, by Hare; Sower of Tares, by Steele; Coke and Blackstone, by Minor; Combe on the Constitution, by Horne; Family Jars, by Stone; Sweet Sixteen, was exceedingly good. I own I felt like eating "Sweet Sixteen." I fell so much in love with her. True Blue, by Barlow, and the Star of Evening, by School, are all that I shall now speak of.

Perhaps, before closing, I had better mention that the "Lone Picket," referred to above, was from the garden fence of Farmer Brown, the Castle on the Rhine, was a penny castle, on an orange rind; the Tax on Cotton, was a small piece of cotton with a few carpet tacks on it; the Way-worn Traveler, a very old shoe; Mustered Out was an empty mustard cup; Tales of the Sea, were herring's tails; the Little Indian, a spoonful of India meal; The Bust of a Commentator, was a mealy mercur potato that had been boiled until its skin burst; the Portraits of Washington and Lincoln, postage stamps; Ruins in China, were a broken cup and saucer in an ash-pan; the Old Mill and the Waterfall, were a worn out coffee-mill and somebody's sister's back hair; the Home of the Skipper was a piece of very old cheese; the famous Switch-back was 27 inches of dyed oskum; Sower of Tares was a needle and thread, Coke and Blackstone, a piece of coal and coke; Combe on the Constitution, was a hair comb on a piece of paper, on which was written the word Constitution; Family Jars, were two preserving jars; Sweet Sixteen was represented by fifteen lumps of sugar, somebody having eaten one; True Blue was a box of indigo; and the Star of Evening was our bright, new, prosperous Evening Star, of which Charles E. School, is the able editor.

RIGHT REV. DR. JAGGAR.

The consecration of Rev. Dr. Jaggar, as Bishop of the Southern Diocese of Ohio, took place at Holy Trinity Protestant Episcopal Church, in this city, during the week. The ceremonies were truly grand, and imposing in the extreme. The command of the lowly Nazarene to his disciples to be meek and lowly, seems to have been lost sight of in this instance. The ceremonies were under the direction of Right Rev. Benjamin Bosworth Smith, of the diocese of Kentucky, presiding bishop of the Episcopal Church in the United States. The long, double file, of white-robed clergymen, marching around the sanctuary to such music as the "Venite Exultemus" (Gregorian 5th tone) and filling to right and left, after having marched down the Southern and up the middle aisle towards the chancel was an imposing sight, seldom witnessed in any Protestant church.

The purple velvet and gold fringe decorations of the altar; the brightly illuminated church, though the ceremonies were held during the forenoon, the lectern and font richly decorated with flowers, and the Episcopal habit of the

"Venit Creator Spiritus" were calculated to strike the ordinary beholder with awe. After the consecration of the Bishop, the whole Communion was administered, then the Offertory, the Exhortation Confession Absolution to Post Communion by the Presiding Bishop. These all served to show us how truly grand the religion of Christ has become in the Nineteenth Century.

BUSINESS PROSPECTS.

I stated in August last that the perceptible improvement in business affairs would occur with the bursting of the buds in the spring of 1875. The present outlook confirms all I then said. A few days ago one of our largest real estate agents sold seven large residences for occupancy as well as investment; the price of the lowest was \$42,500, that of the highest \$97,000, the others scattering between these two sums. The purchasers of these properties are manufacturers, whose prospective business warrants such investments.

One of the strongest indications of the prosperous times in the immediate future, is, in my opinion, found in the improvements that the American Steamship Company have just added to their steamers. During the month of April, while their vessels were in port at this place loading and unshipping, twenty-five first-class cabin berths were added to each steamer of the line. These additions have been made to meet the demand upon them by a much larger number of our merchants, who deal in foreign goods, going to Europe this summer, to personally purchase their stock.

The steadily increasing demand for such goods from country patrons compels our large dealers to go to Europe; this increase of ocean travel, has forced one hundred additional state-rooms to be built in the company's fine steamers; and I must confess my pride, as an American, rejoices at this, for the reason that Philadelphia alone, having had the courage to build the only line of European steamers, sailing beneath the proud flag of our country, it is gratifying to know that American citizens, are patriotic enough to patronize a line of steamers built of American iron and oak, manned by American officers and men, owned by American citizens, with the American stars and stripes floating from the mast-head.

One of the remarkable things in connection with this line is, that every outgoing vessel carries to Liverpool, machinery made by American iron, and the quantity steadily increases.

Philadelphia, with her line of American steamers, so successfully managed by Peter Wright and his sons, has taught New York, Boston and Baltimore a lesson of Americanism that it would be patriotic for them to follow.

A HEAVY WEIGHT.

The death of Mrs. McKinney, aged forty-seven years, occurred a few days ago. Her weight just before being taken with sickness was 594 pounds, and being sick but a few days, this huge lump of mortality had shrunk but little. As it was found impossible to carry her down the winding stairway, the windows were taken out and the corpse lowered from the second story to the earth. Such an unusual sight attracted the attention of the curious, and a large crowd soon gathered to witness the large woman lowered to the street. The job was performed without accident. Six men carried her into the front parlor, where she was laid out, and the crowd dispersed with an exceedingly novel scene impressed upon their memory. J. W. F.

STATE ITEMS.

—They steal street lamps in Parker City.

—A fisherman caught a fine large seal in Delaware bay, last week.

—Mr. M. A. Cooper has revived the lately suspended Mt. Pleasant Journal.

—Great numbers of dead fish are floating in the canal basin at Williamsport.

—A prize fight between Reading amateurs has been arranged to come off shortly for \$100.

—Ebensburg will vote on the question of waterworks or no waterworks, on the 17th inst.

—The *Bradford Reporter*, published at Towanda, appeared on the 1st inst. in a bright and pretty dress.

—Patrick Slaven was shot and killed at Peckville, Luzerne Co., on Sunday, by John Edwards. Edwards was arrested.

—Greene county farmers as a general thing, are compelled to buy seed potatoes, this spring, owing to the fact that their tubers were frozen.

—Living grasshoppers are found, in considerable numbers, in wheat fields in Bradford county, and the farmers are anxious to know what it all means.

—Three prisoners escaped from the Johnstown lock-up on Tuesday morning. A fourth man was forced to crawl out at the same hole in the wall, but crawled back again.

—While the miners were firing a salute at Gordon, Schuylkill Co., one day last week, the cannon exploded, fatally injuring one man and wounding a number of others.

—There is no scarcity of hay or feed at the western portion of Crawford Co. this Spring, most of the farmers not only having plenty for their own use but some to sell. At public sales held within a week past, hay has ranged at from \$6 to \$8 per ton in the barn, and time given.

—A quiet, peaceable gentleman in Philadelphia has recently given up his business, sent his family into the country, and calmly pronounced his determination to devote the remainder of his life to discover the man who sent him a paving stone by express, with seventeen dollars charges on it.

BELLEFONTE REPUBLICAN

Poetry.

RELIGION AND DOCTRINE.

BY JOHN HAY.

He stood before the Sanhedrim;
The scowling rabble gazed at him;
He reeked not of their praise or blame;
There was no fear, there was no shame;
For one upon whose dazzled eyes
The whole world poured its vast surprise.
The open heaven was far too near,
His first day's light too sweet and clear,
To let him waste his new-gained ken
On the hate-clouded face of men.

But still they questioned, Who art thou?
What hast thou been? What art thou now?
Thou art not he who yesterday
Sat here and begged beside the way;
For he was blind.

—And I am he;
For I was blind but now I see

He told the story of old o'er;
It was his tale, his tale alone;
A prophet on the Sabbath day
Had touched his sightless eyes with clay,
And made him see who had been blind.
Their words passed by him like the wind
Which raves and howls, but cannot shock
The hundred-fathom-rooted rock.

Their threats and fury all went wide;
They could not touch his Hebrew pride,
Their sneers at Jesus and his band,
Nameless and homeless in the land,
Their boasts of Moses and his Lord,
All could not change him by one word.

I know not what this man may be,
Sinner or saint; but as for me,
One thing I know, that I am he
Who was once blind, but now I see.

They were all doctors of renown,
The great men of a famous town,
With deep brows, wrinkled, broad, and wise,
Beneath their wide phylacteries;
The wisdom of the East was theirs,
And honor crowned their silver hairs.
The man they jeered and laughed to scorn
Was uncrowned, poor, and humbly born;
But he knew better far than they
What came to him that Sabbath-day;
And what the Christ had done for him
He knew, and not the Sanhedrim.

MAN TO MAN SHOULD BE A BROTHER.

BY REV. J. J. HANFORD.

Man to man should be a brother;
Christian men should love each other.
Love is mortal's richest treasure—
Loving is our highest duty.
Loving our sublimest beauty.
Love ennobles homely faces.

And as well our holiest graces
Angry looks and words are treason
To the law of love and reason;
Be complacent and forgiving—
Loving is the charm of living.
Therefore more than rubies prize it—
Only silly ones despise it.
Man to man should be a brother—
It is wise to love each other.

Man to man should be a brother;
Little children, love each other.
Love is joyous, who can doubt it?
Who can live, yet live without it?
Angry words, like poison'd arrows,
Fill the soul with deadly sorrows;
And they surely act most blindly,
Who each other treat so unkindly.
Love will cover many a falling,
Love will cure the tongue of railing.
Man to man should be a brother—
Little children, love each other.

'Tis God's law to love each other—
Every man should love his brother.
Love thy neighbor, don't offend him,
But with brother's love befriend him.
Love thine enemy, and spare him
All the evil thou dost bear him;
Love the crying, do not blame him
Too severely when you name him;
Love thy friend, 'tis very hateful
To see any one ungrateful.
Every man should be a brother;
Ever loving one another.

Our Story Teller.

CURING A GRUMBLER.

BY LETTIE LANE.

Everybody said that "Square" Hall was a lucky man. No matter how unpromising the season, he always had something to sell. His large fertile farm showed careful culture; his stock never grew lean for the want of food or shelter; and last, but not least, he never left his farming implements lying around exposed to the weather—in fact, he was held up to be a model farmer in every respect.

The Squire stood very high in the estimation of his neighbors, but not more so than he did in his own. He was lord and master not only of his farm, but of his entire household, from his wife down to Rover, his dog, including hired men and the half dozen scions of the house of Hall. He sold all the products, and made all the purchases for the family, without consulting any one's wishes but his own. And what was worse, he had a very disagreeable habit of grumbling whenever called upon to replenish the sugar box or tea canister.

We now present him to our readers, stamping with corrugated brows wiping his hands with a huge roller towel. His wife with the air of a culprit had just informed him that the tea was out, and the coffee and sugar nearly so.

"You don't say so," he exclaimed wrathfully, "that's always the cry; it's tant one thing it's another."

"I don't see where everything goes to that's brought into this house. If this extravagance is kept up much longer we'll all have to go to the poor house. The drought ruined the hay crop, and cut down the corn to a half crop. The bugs ate the potatoes up, and the last wind storm blew nearly all the apples off; but no matter whether we have anything to sell or not, there is always enough to be bought."

The Squire finished his tirade by taking his seat at the well filled breakfast table, where he solaced himself by drinking four cups of strong coffee, well sweetened with sugar, that proved conclusively than he preached economy better than he practiced it. He dispatched his breakfast in grim silence, and then mounted his horse, and rode down to the "Corners" to the grocery.

Mrs. Hall milked cows, fed calves, pigs and chickens, washed dishes, made beds, got the children ready for school,

and did a thousand and one things that fall to the lot of a farmer's wife. And while her hands were busy, her mind was employed also. She felt her heart swell with indignation when she looked back over the fifteen years of her married life—years of hard and never ending toil—and remembered that she had never made a household want known without being lectured for it, as if she had committed some capital offence.

"I'll never ask for another pound of groceries while I live," she mentally exclaimed, dashing the hot tears passionately from her eyes.

"I do my duty faithfully, under all circumstances, and I won't be treated like a dog any longer. I will have a little self respect, any how!"

The Squire returned in a couple of hours and laid three diminutive packages on the kitchen table with the air of one giving so many drops of his heart's blood. Mrs. Hall made no remark, but smiled to herself when she noticed the limited quantity her liege lord had supplied. The week passed by quietly, and Saturday morning the Squire came from the corn-field with a huge pumpkin, and told his wife he wanted some pumpkin pies made, and an early dinner got, for there was to be a political meeting at the school house and he was going.

Political meetings were the Squire's hobby, he was a hot-headed partisan, and there was nothing he enjoyed better than seeing his political opponent "chewed up," as he rather inelegantly expressed it.

Promptly at the hour appointed for the meeting, Squire Hall was on the spot dressed in his Sunday best, his face beaming with expectancy. He was chosen chairman, and for three hours Judge Brown and Lawyer Smith, from the county-seat, entertained the audience by telling stale jokes, and denouncing the opposing candidates as a set of thieves, liars and cut-throats, and declaring that the ship of State would surely founder among the breakers with such men as they at the helm, all of which was eagerly swallowed by the worthy chairman, who, when the meeting adjourned, invited the speakers home to supper. The Squire prided himself on his well spread table, and his wife's skillful house-keeping, and his motive in inviting the Judge and the Lawyer home with him was to "show them town chaps" how a well-to-do farmer lived at home. He found supper on the table awaiting his coming, and without more ado conducted his visitors into the spacious kitchen and seated them at the supper table.

Mrs. Hall smilingly took her seat at the head of the table, and while she was engaged in pouring out the coffee, and the Squire cutting meat and passing the bread, Judge Brown opened conversation by remarking on the dryness of the season and inquired if the Squire's crops had sustained much damage thereby. The Squire was about to reply by saying in his loftiest manner that "although the season had not been as propitious as it might have been, yet by a judicious system of cultivation he had prevented the failure of any one crop, and had brought all up to an average."

But the words froze on his lips when his wife spoke and informed the Judge "that the drought had ruined the hay crop, and that the bugs had eaten their potatoes all up, and the last wind-storm had blown the apples all off, and they wouldn't have hardly anything to sell at all."

The Squire looked agitated, for he recognized his own words, and couldn't tell what object his wife had in view by quoting his identical language. He recovered himself sufficiently to take the proffered cup of coffee and commence his supper. He was horror-struck on tasting his coffee to find it made of bran and molasses, and when he tasted the pumpkin-pie, that looked so inviting, he found it hadn't a particle of sugar in it, and the apple-pie was evidently made of the sourest apples in the whole orchard. The old Squire's brow took on a perplexed look, and his tongue lost its accustomed glossiness. The supper came to an end, however, and much to his relief, his guests took their departure.

He stood at the gate some time in a profound fit of meditation, and then turned round and went into the kitchen, to demand an explanation. He found his wife busily engaged in washing the supper dishes, and putting things to rights for the morrow. He looked at her sternly for a moment and then inquired in an indignant tone why she had given these strangers such a poor supper.

Mrs. Hall looked up in well feigned surprise at the question, and informed her husband that she had given them the best she had, and that if it was a poor meal it was not her fault, for she couldn't make pies sweet without sugar, or make very good coffee out of bran and molasses.

"If you had told me you were out of sugar and coffee I would have got them for you, and saved myself all this mortification," angrily retorted the irritated Squire.

"You acknowledge being mortified, do you?" calmly replied Mrs. Hall, "if fellow feeling makes us wondrous kind, perhaps you will be more careful in the future of mortifying the feelings of others. I have never asked you to supply any household wants in the whole of our married life without having

my feelings mortified. You have always grumbled at such requests, as if I was personally responsible for the consumption of every article that was brought into the house. For fifteen years I have worked here through heat and cold, fair weather and foul, and when father died and I received my share of his estate, you spent it in enlarging and improving your farm as your tastes dictated, and in all this time my wishes have never been consulted in any way, and no part of the revenue derived from your labors have I ever spent, but forbearance has ceased to be a virtue with me, and my self-respect will not allow me to ask for favors at your hand, with the air of a culprit, any longer. Surely the laborer is worthy his hire. This should be given without grumbling, and I will never again beg for what is mine by right, and what I should be freely given without a murmur."

This was quite a long and pointed speech for quiet little Mrs. Hall to make, and the Squire paused in his rapid walk up and down the kitchen, as much surprised as if a bomb-shell had exploded at his feet. He turned white and red by turns, and when his wife ceased speaking he slowly resumed his walk across the floor, glancing furtively at her impassive countenance, but that worthy woman having had her say kept steadily on with her work as if nothing had happened.

The Squire took his hat, at last, and went to the barn, and when he came back to the house the subject was not resumed, and all the next day, which was Sunday, he seemed subdued and said but little; and Mrs. Hall began to think that she had seriously offended him. Monday morning he harnessed the horses to the spring-wagon and told his wife he was ready to drive her down to the Corners to lay in any supply she might be in need of. He laid a crisp bank note on the table, and bidding her hurry and get ready, he hastened out of the room.

Mrs. Hall never had her feelings hurt again by her husband's grumbling, for he dropped that disagreeable habit altogether and let his wife do the marketing, and was astonished to think that he had never found out before that she possessed such a capacity for business.

And it was his wife's fault that he was not cured sooner, for he was a just man as well as a self-opinionated one, and all he needed was to find out how it was himself.—Cincinnati Times.

Expensive Kindling.

Ladies who have husbands who are neglectful in supplying them with kindlings should carefully study the experience of a Division street sister. All her married life she has had an unbroken struggle with her husband to keep herself supplied with wood, and the greater part of the time she has been obliged to depend upon her own dexterity with the axe, and any one who has seen a woman handle an axe, knows what a dreadful thing it is. Two months ago she begged of him not to go away without leaving her some kindlings. He said he wouldn't. But he finally did. Then she hit upon a plan. She had four dozen clothespins. She took one dozen of them, started the fire, and found they worked admirably. The next day she went to the store and purchased another four dozen—having them "put in the bill." When they were gone she repeated the errand. She said no more to him about kindlings. For ten years she had kept up the battle, and now she was tired and sick at heart. He could go his own way, and she would go hers—patiently, uncomplainingly—until the end would come.

On Monday he signified at the store that he would like to settle his account. The bill was made out and handed him. He glanced down the items. As he advanced along the column his face began to work. First his eyes slowly enlarged then his mouth gradually opened, caused by the drooping of his lower jaw; and wrinkles formed on his forehead. One-third down the column he formed his lips as if to whistle. Four lines below he did whistle. Half way down he said:

"Gra-cious!"
A little further on he said;
"Thunder!"

Four more lines were taken in, and he spoke again:

"By the Jumping Jupiter!"

Then he read on, smiting his thigh vigorously, and giving vent to various expressions of the liveliest nature. Finally he threw the bill down.

"I say, Benson, look here; this bill can't be mine; you have got me mixed up with some laundry."

"That's your bill, sir," said the grocer, smiling pleasantly.

"I tell you it can't be," persisted the Division street man, beginning to look scared. "Why, here's fifty-five dozen clothespins in a two months' bill. What on earth do you take me for—a fur-story laundry?"

"But it is your bill. Your wife can explain it to you. She ordered the pins."

"My wife," gasped the unfortunate man.

"Yes, sir."

The debtor clutched to bill, jammed it into his pocket, and hurried straight

home. He bolted into the house without any abatement of speed, and flinging the paper on the table before his wife, knocked his hat on the back of his head, and said:

"Martha Ann Johnson, what does this mean. There are fifty-five dozen clothespins in Mr. Benson's bill for the past two past months, and he says you ordered every blessed one of them."

"And so I did," said she demurely. "W-h-a-t! Fifty-five dozen clothespins in two months!" and he shot down into a chair as if a freight car had fallen atop of him. "Fifty-five dozen clothespins in two months," he howled. "Will a just heaven stand that?"

"I tell you, you needn't stare at me that way, Reuben Wheeler Johnson, nor go to calling upon heaven with your impiousness, I ordered them myself, and I have burnt every one of 'em in that stove, just because you were to all-fired lazy to get any wood. And I declare, before I'll be bothered jawing and fighting to get you to cut wood, I'll burn up every clothespin in the land, and you shall pay for them, if you have to sell the shirt on your back to do it. So now?"

And Mrs. Johnson with a face like scarlet, snatched up the broom, and went to sweeping the carpet as if every flake of dust was a red hot coal, while the unhappy Mr. Johnson hastened to the store, and paid the bill. And before dark that night he had a half cord of wood sawed, split and piled up ready for use.—Danbury News.

A Common Error Among Non-Advertisers.

A correspondent reports the substance of a conversation he overheard between two merchants, one of whom advertised, and the other did not. "A" commenced with a general protest against advertising, and, as a clincher, remarked (falling into a wide-spread error): "Why should I advertise? am I not as well-known as I can be; was I not born in this town, and am I not known to almost every man, woman or child in this country? Why, it's absurd."

"Do you think so?" asked B. "It seems to me that you only make the mistake which everybody in your position is likely to make. To be well known is a good thing, but if you suppose for a moment that being well known will make up for your not advertising, you make a great mistake, and one that you should do your best to understand and eradicate."

A—"How so; what do you mean?"
B—"Why, you should remember that it is not altogether you and your name that is important for people to remember or for you to advertise in the newspapers. It is the associating your name with something that people want, and your power to convince them that you will do well by them, that makes advertising valuable. It brings the man and goods together, so that in thinking of the one the other naturally recurs to the mind of the buyer."

"So it is your goods, your prices, your specialties, the advantages you have to offer, and not yourself, as a mere man, that you want people to understand. One step further: Though you may know everybody and everybody knows you, when you may happen to see them, or they you, yet the old proverb, 'Out of sight out of mind,' should remind you that they do not see you unless you meet. Now, this is the very thing that newspapers are called upon to remedy, and do remedy. They cause, even compel people to remember you and your store when both are out of sight."

You can not fail to impress them by persistent advertising, and at last they could not forget you if they would. But to answer you in your own way, by example, let us consider the case of one of the largest and most persistent "firms who advertise." This firm is not only known in New York State and city and throughout the whole country, as a household word, but is known over the whole civilized world. Do they advertise the less on this account? Not at all. On the contrary, judging from the legions of column and half-column advertisements which have flooded our newspapers in the past two years, they have done more advertising in that time than in any previous years. Yet they were never so well-known as at the time when they commenced to advertise so largely.—Advertiser Gazette.

HENRY VARLEY, the English revivalist, is in Boston where he will remain a fortnight. The general interest felt in the appearance of this noted preacher in the city is shown by the attendance of full houses. The *Globe* says of him: Mr. Varley made a pleasant impression. There is very little, either in the manner or matter of his discourse, that even suggests ranting; and although he cannot be pronounced a great pulpit orator, or a master in acute theological reasoning, it is easy to understand Mr. Varley's influence for good in the pulpit. A thick-set, middle-aged man, with an abundance of black hair, a very pleasant expression of countenance, Mr. Varley strikes one as thoroughly in earnest for what he believes to be right. He is favored with a fine, well-modulated voice, and, for the most part, escapes criticism on the score of rising inflection.

He occasionally drops his h's, and wanders in his metaphors once in a while; but, as a whole, his discourse was remarkable for the generally correct language used. There is, in Mr. Varley's delivery, no lack of force or earnestness. His gestures are free and yet not awkward; and occasionally some special point is enforced with a sounding thump upon the preacher's desk or a clap of the hands. Devoid of all affectation of modesty or striving after effect, Mr. Varley left his hearers with the feeling that, spite of some ideas which seem rather startling to American ears, he is an earnest, prayerful, thoroughly enthusiastic worker for the Gospel of Christ as he understands it. The meetings which Mr. Varley conducted in the Hippodrome and in the various churches in New York were very largely attended. The churches of various denominations were quickened to renewed activity and usefulness, and it would not be possible at this time to reckon up the good results equally gratifying will attend the meetings in Boston. Mr. Varley will preach every evening this week in Tremont Temple.

On Monday last the centennial celebration of the opening events of the Old Revolutionary War was observed at Lexington and Concord, Mass., with great ceremony, and attended by President Grant and other national celebrities, the Governors of the New England States, a very large number of military organizations, companies of minute men, and an immense concourse of people. The arrangements of the celebration were well made and efficiently carried out. The processions are reported to have been most imposing in appearance, while the literary exercises by such men as Ralph Waldo Emerson, James Russell and George William Curtis, could not fail to meet the expectations of all. The statue of the "minute man" about which much solicitude was felt lest it should not arrive in time to be unveiled, was on the ground, as were also those of Samuel Adams and John Hancock, at Lexington.

The initial revolutionary struggles at Lexington and Concord are, in their details, familiar to all. Twenty-five years ago, on the seventy-fifth anniversary, the legislature of Massachusetts proceeded to old Concord, where a modest celebration took place, and speeches were made by such men of that day as Robert Rantoul and Edward Everett. One venerable relic of the period "which tied men's souls" was then presented—Dr. Jonathan Harrington—a man who had nearly reached his hundredth year, and was a flier at the battle of Concord, seventy-five years before, and his appearance and falteringly made, but emphatic speech, created greater sensation than did the patriotic eloquence of the greater orators. Since then the inauguration of the monument at Acton, Mass., to the memory of the brave men who fell at Concord Bridge.

"By the rule bridge that arched the road,
Their fates to April's breeze untied,
Here the embattled farmers stood,
And fired the shot heard round the world."
On the 19th of April, 1775, was another public event commemorative of that period. The occasion was one of the most solemn character. The bones of the martyrs—Davis and Hosmer—were exhumed from their resting place in the little rural cemetery outside the village. In presence of a privileged few, and when one of the skulls (that of Abner Hosmer) was lifted from the earth, the hole made in it by the British bullet was clearly visible to fully identify it as part of the remains of him who was among the bravest of the brave.—Amherst Cabaret.

A COLORED PREACHER KILLS HIS WIFE.—WILMINGTON, April 25.—Last night John Andrew, pastor of the colored Methodist Episcopal Church at Georgetown, Sussex county, after concluding his sermon went home, and, it is supposed, had a quarrel with his wife. The neighbors heard loud talking, but as it was no new thing they did not interfere. This morning they found Mrs. Andrew in the yard of her house dead, her head having been nearly blown off by a shot-gun, which was found lying at her feet. Her husband had disappeared, and the Sheriff and a posse of men have since started in pursuit, and feel sure of capturing him. Andrew is a mulatto, about thirty-five years old, five feet six inches high, and compactly built. He was quite intelligent, but it is said he has a temper beyond his control, and for some time past has borne an unenviable character. Early this year he assaulted a man in his church for some trivial offense, and came near killing him with a chair.

THE FIRE THAT OLD NICK BUILT.—We find in an exchange the following capital imitation of the style of the "house that Jack built," and wish it might become a household favorite.

Intemperance—This is the fire that old Nick built.
Moderate drinking—This is the fuel that feeds the fire that old Nick built.
Rum selling—This is the ax that cuts the wood that feeds the fire that old Nick built.

Love of Money—This is the stone that grinds that ax that cuts the wood that feeds the fire that old Nick built.
Public opinion—This is the sledge with its face of steel that batters the stone that grinds the ax that cuts the wood that feeds the fire that old Nick built.

A temperance meeting—This is one of the blows that we quietly deal to

fashion the sledge with its edge of steel that batters the stone that grinds the ax that cuts the wood that feeds the fire that old Nick built.

Temperance pledge—This is the smith that works with a will to give force to the blow that we quietly deal to fashion the sledge with its face of steel that batters the stone that grinds the ax that cuts the wood that feeds the fire that old Nick built.

Eternal truth—This is the spirit so gentle and still that nerves the smith to work with a will to give force to the blows that we quietly deal to fashion the sledge with its face of steel that batters the stone that grinds the ax that cuts the wood that feeds the fire that old Nick built.

NEW YORK.

Ceremony of Conferring the Berretta on Cardinal McCloskey.

NEW YORK, April 27.—Thousands of spectators gathered at St. Patrick's cathedral this morning to witness the ceremony of conferring the berretta on Cardinal McCloskey. There had been an enormous demand for tickets, and numbers of those who had them found great difficulty in gaining an entrance. The streets in the neighborhood were packed with humanity.

The interest manifested was so great that representatives from every part of the Union were present. A number of front seats were reserved for invited guests, and among those seated in them were Chief Justice Daly, Judge Donohue, District Attorney Phelps, Sinclair Toussie, Collector Arthur, Thomas Murphy, and many other well-known citizens. At twenty minutes to eleven o'clock the head of the procession emerged from the vestry, acolytes leading. Then followed long lines of clergymen, men, after making genuflections before the high altar, passed down the central aisle, which was soon packed. When the surplised priests had all taken their places, the representatives of the various religious orders in the diocese began to emerge from the vestry in their picturesque habits. When the procession had all been arranged in proper places, there was an interval of ten minutes, during which the church was filled with joyous music from the choir.

The procession of prelates at length emerged from the vestry with slow and measured tone. The scene was magnificent; boys with picturesque robes and swinging censers and dignitaries in dark purple preceded by archbishops and bishops. The procession was closed by celebrants of mass, Bishop Loughlin, of Brooklyn, Rev. Dr. McGlum assistant, Rev. Father M'Glum deacon, and Father Kean sub-deacon. Then came Cardinal McCloskey, the papal envoy, Dr. Abaldi, Mgr. Roncetti, and lastly the tall figure of Count Marfocchi, of the pope's noble guard, in his dazzling uniform.

Cardinal McCloskey, wearing his purple cassock and mantilla, knelt at the epistle side of the altar. The archbishop of Baltimore sat on his throne on the same side, the officiating bishop clergymen stood at the altar steps, and mass was commenced. At the confector, the cardinal stood up and proceeded to his throne at the gospel side, he alone of all the prelates present having a pastoral staff, which was carried by an assistant.

The officiating bishop, after incensing the altar three times, sat down with the deacon and sub-deacon. Bishop Loughlin read the introit, recited the "Kyrie," and intoned the "Gloria in Excelsis," which was afterwards sung by the choir. The "Collects" were read by the celebrant, the epistle by the sub-deacon, and while Bishop Loughlin read the Gospel the entire congregation rose to their feet. He then chanted the words "Credo in unum Deum," and in a low voice recited the remainder of the Nicene creed. When it was completed the celebrant, together with the assistant deacon and sub-deacon, sat down until the choir had finished.

Bishop Loughlin returned to the altar, where after customary *Domine Vobiscum* and *Oremus*, he proceeded to read prayers at the offertory. The deacon and sub-deacon then prepared the sacred vessels and the bread and wine. *Mercendentes quam dilecta* was sung during this period. Acolytes again advanced with censers, and the altar was incensed by celebrant, the archbishop and bishop rising and removing their mitres.

The priests and entire congregation also rose at this time. The church was a level sea of heads from right to left, from sanctuary to doors. Right, left and centre aisles were packed as full as they could hold with people, who were glad to get standing room, when the bell tinkled, to announce the opening of the "Canon" or solemn part of the ceremony. The people standing made an attempt to kneel, but were unable to do so; they were massed so tightly, and the very unusual spectacle was witnessed of hundreds standing up during the consecration. Towards the end of the mass was introduced the ceremony of giving "pax," or "kiss of peace." Pax was given from one to other until it passed along to right and left although the crowded sanctuary. When mass was finished the interesting part of ceremony commenced.

Cardinal McCloskey arose and knelt at the left hand side of the altar. The archbishop of Baltimore stepped down from his throne and knelt at the epistle side. The audience arose with perceptible excitement, and some crowded upon the clergymen in the sanctuary. The Ablegate Mgr. Roncetti stood beside Archbishop Bailly, and in a loud clear voice read the message in Latin from the pope to his venerable father, archbishop of Baltimore, setting forth the reasons which induced him to confer the cardinalate on Archbishop McCloskey, and at the close handed him the brief authorizing him to confer the berretta on this newly appointed prince of the church.

The archbishop having replied in Latin, passed the brief over to Father M'Glum, deacon of the mass, who then read it. Count Marfocchi then surrendered the berretta to Mgr. Roncetti, who handed it to Archbishop Bailly, who then walked over to the cardinal and placed the cap on his head, at the same time addressing him in Latin as "eminentissimus Tuus." The cardinal made a suitable reply, again in Latin and after intoning "Te Deum," retired to the vestry and put on the crimson robes of

BELLEFONTE REPUBLICAN

Poetry.

RELIGION AND DOCTRINE.

BY JOHN HAY.

He stood before the Sanhedrim;
The crowd of rabbis gazed at him;
He reeked not of their praise or blame;
There was no fear, there was no shame;
For one upon whose dazzled eyes
The whole world poured its vast surprise.
The open heaven was far too near,
His first day's light too sweet and clear.
To let him waste his new-gained ken
On the hate-dotted face of men.

But still they questioned, Who art thou?
What hast thou been? What art thou now?
Thou art not he who yesterday
Sat here and begged beside the way;
For he was blind.

—And I am he;
For I was blind but now I see.

He told the story o'er and o'er;
It was his tale, his heart's only lore;
A prophet on the Sabbath day
Had touched his sightless eyes with clay,
And made him see who had been blind.
Their words passed by him like the wind
Which raves and howls, but cannot shock
The hundred-fathom-rooted rock.

Their threats and fury all went wide;
They could not touch his Holy tride,
Their sneers at Jesus and his band,
Nameless and homeless in the land,
Their boasts of Moses and his Lord,
All could not change him by one word.

I know not what this man may be,
Sinner or saint; but as for me,
One thing I know, that I am he,
Who was once blind, but now I see.

They were all doctors of renown,
The great men of a famous town,
With deep brows, wrinkled, broad, and wise,
Beneath their wide phylacteries;
The wisdom of the East was theirs,
And honor crowned their silver hairs.
The man they jeered and laughed to scorn
Was unlearned, poor, and humbly born;
But he knew better far than they
What came to him that Sabbath-day;
And what the Christ had done for him
He knew, and not the Sanhedrim.

MAN TO MAN SHOULD BE A BROTHER.

BY REV. J. J. HAMILTON.

Man to man should be a brother;
Christian men should love each other.
Love is mortal's richest treasure;
Loving is our highest duty;
Loving our sublimest beauty.
Love ennobles homely faces.

And as well our holiest graces
Angry looks and words are treason
To the law of love and reason;
Be complacent and forgiving—
Loving is the charm of heaven;
Therefore more than rubies prize it—
Only folly once despise it.

Man to man should be a brother;
Little children, love each other.
Love is joyous, who can doubt it?
Who can live, yet live without it?
Angry words, like poison'd arrows,
Fill the soul with deadly sorrows;
And they surely act most blindly,
Who each other treat unkindly.
Love will cover many a falling,
Love will cure the tongue of railing.
Man to man, should be a brother—
Little children, love each other.

'Tis God's law to love each other—
Every man should love his brother.
Love thy neighbor, do not hate him,
But with brother's love befriend him.
Love thine enemy, and spare him
All the evil thou dost bear him;
Love the crying, do not blame him
Too severely when you name him;
Love thy friend, 'tis very hateful
To see any ungrateful.
Every man should be a brother;
Ever loving one another.

Our Story Teller.

CURING A GRUMBLER.

BY LETTIE LANE.

Everybody said that "Square" Hall was a lucky man. No matter how unpromising the season, he always had something to sell. His large fertile farm showed careful culture; his stock never grew lean for the want of food or shelter; and last, but not least, he never left his farming implements lying around exposed to the weather—in fact, he was held up to be a model farmer in every respect.

The Squire stood very high in the estimation of his neighbors, but not more so than he did in his own. He was lord and master not only of his farm, but of this entire household, from his wife down to Rover, his dog, including hired men and the half dozen scions of the house of Hall. He sold all the products, and made all the purchases for the family, without consulting any one's wishes but his own. And what was worse, he had a very disagreeable habit of grumbling whenever called upon to replenish the sugar box or tea canister.

We now present him to our readers, stamping with corrugated brows wiping his hands with a huge roller towel. His wife with the air of a culprit had just informed him that the tea was out, and the coffee and sugar nearly so.

"You don't say so," he exclaimed wrathfully, "that's always the cry; it's tant one thing it's another."

"I don't see where everything goes to that's brought into this house. If this extravagance is kept up much longer we'll all have to go to the poor house. The drought ruined the hay crop, and cut down the corn to a half crop. The bugs ate the potatoes up, and the last wind storm blew nearly all the apples off; but no matter whether we have anything to sell or not, there is always enough to be bought."

The Squire finished his tirade by taking his seat at the well filled breakfast table, where he calmed himself by drinking four cups of strong coffee, well sweetened with sugar, that proved conclusively than he preached economy better than he practiced it. He dispatched his breakfast in grim silence, and then mounted his horse and rode down to the "Corners" to the grocery.

Mrs. Hall milked cows, fed calves, pigs and chickens, washed dishes, made beds, got the children ready for school,

and did a thousand and one things that fall to the lot of a farmer's wife. And while her hands were busy, her mind was employed also. She felt her heart swell with indignation when she looked back over the fifteen years of her married life—years of hard and never ending toil—and remembered that she had never made a household want known without being lectured for it, as if she had committed some capital offence.

"I'll never ask for another pound of groceries while I live," she mentally exclaimed, dashing the hot tears passionately from her eyes.

"I do my duty faithfully, under all circumstances, and I won't be treated like a dog any longer. I will have a little self respect, any how!"

The Squire returned in a couple of hours and laid three diminutive packages on the kitchen table with the air of one giving so many drops of his heart's blood. Mrs. Hall made no remark, but smiled to herself when she noticed the limited quantity her liege lord had supplied. The week passed by quietly, and Saturday morning the Squire came from the corn-field with a huge pumpkin, and told his wife he wanted some pumpkin pies made, and an early dinner got, for there was to be a political meeting at the school house and he was going.

Political meetings were the Squire's hobby, he was a hot-headed partisan, and there was nothing he enjoyed better than seeing his political opponent "chawed up," as he rather inelegantly expressed it.

Promptly at the hour appointed for the meeting, Squire Hall was on the spot dressed in his Sunday best, his face beaming with expectancy. He was chosen chairman, and for three hours Judge Brown and Lawyer Smith, from the county-seat, entertained the audience by telling stale jokes, and denouncing the opposing candidates as a set of thieves, liars and cut-throats, and declaring that the ship of State would surely founder among the breakers with such men as they at the helm, all of which was eagerly swallowed by the worthy chairman, who, when the meeting adjourned, invited the speakers home to supper. The Squire prided himself on his well spread table, and his wife's skillful house-keeping, and his motive in inviting the Judge and the Lawyer home with him was to "show them town chaps" how a well-to-do farmer lived at home. He found supper on the table awaiting his coming, and without more ado conducted his visitors into the spacious kitchen and seated them at the supper table.

Mrs. Hall smilingly took her seat at the head of the table, and while she was engaged in pouring out the coffee, and the Squire cutting meat and passing the bread, Judge Brown opened conversation by remarking on the dryness of the season and inquired if the Squire's crops had sustained much damage thereby. The Squire was about to reply by saying in his loftiest manner that "although the season had not been as propitious as it might have been, yet by a judicious system of cultivation he had prevented the failure of any one crop, and had brought all up to an average."

But the words froze on his lips when his wife spoke and informed the Judge "that the drought had ruined the hay crop, and that the bugs had eaten their potatoes all up, and the last wind-storm had blown the apples all off, and they wouldn't have hardly anything to sell at all."

The Squire looked aghast, for he recognized his own words, and couldn't tell what object his wife had in view by quoting his identical language. He recovered himself sufficiently to take the proffered cup of coffee and commence his supper. He was horror-struck on tasting his coffee to find it made of bran and molasses, and when he tasted the pumpkin-pie, that looked so inviting, he found it hadn't a particle of sugar in it, and the apple-pie was evidently made of the sourest apples in the whole orchard. The old Squire's brow took on a perplexed look, and his tongue lost its accustomed gloss. The supper came to an end, however, and much to his relief, his guests took their departure.

He stood at the gate some time in a profound fit of meditation, and then turned round and went into the kitchen, to demand an explanation. He found his wife busily engaged in washing the supper dishes, and putting things to rights for the morrow. He looked at her sternly for a moment and then inquired in an indignant tone why she had given these strangers such a poor supper. Mrs. Hall looked up in well feigned surprise at the question, and informed her husband that she had given them the best she had, and that if it was a poor meal it was not her fault, for she couldn't make pies sweet without sugar, or make very good coffee out of bran and molasses.

"If you had told me you were out of sugar and coffee I would have got them for you, and saved myself all this mortification," angrily retorted the irritated Squire.

"You acknowledge being mortified, do you?" calmly replied Mrs. Hall, "if fellow feeling makes us wondrous kind, perhaps you will be more careful in the future of mortifying the feelings of others. I have never asked you to supply any household wants in the whole of our married life without having

my feelings mortified. You have always grumbled at such requests, as if I was personally responsible for the assumption of every article that was brought into the house. For fifteen years I have worked here through heat and cold, fair weather and foul, and when father died and I received my share of his estate, you spent it in enlarging and improving your farm as your tastes dictated, and in all this time my wishes have never been consulted in any way, and no part of the revenue derived from your labors have I ever spent, but forbearance has ceased to be a virtue with me, and my self-respect will not allow me to ask for favors at your hand, with the air of a culprit, any longer. Surely the laborer is worthy his hire. This should be given without grumbling, and I will never again beg for what is mine by right, and what I should be freely given without a murmur."

This was quite a long and pointed speech for quiet little Mrs. Hall to make, and the Squire paused in his rapid walk up and down the kitchen, as much surprised as if a bomb-shell had exploded at his feet. He turned white and red by turns, and when his wife ceased speaking he slowly resumed his walk across the floor, glancing furtively at her impassive countenance, but that worthy woman having had her say kept steadily on with her work as if nothing had happened.

The Squire took his hat, at last, and went to the barn, and when he came back to the house the subject was not resumed, and all the next day, which was Sunday, he seemed subdued and said but little; and Mrs. Hall began to think that she had seriously offended him. Monday morning he harnessed the horses to the spring-wagon and told his wife he was ready to drive her down to the Corners to lay in any supply she might be in need of. He laid a crisp bank note on the table, and bidding her hurry and get ready, he hastened out of the room.

Mrs. Hall never had her feelings hurt again by her husband's grumbling, for he dropped that disagreeable habit altogether and let his wife do the marketing, and was astonished to think that he had never found out before that she possessed such a capacity for business.

And it was his wife's fault that he was not cured sooner, for he was a just man as well as a self-opinionated one, and all he needed was to find out how it was himself.—Cincinnati Times.

Expensive Kindling.

Ladies who have husbands who are neglectful in supplying them with kindlings should carefully study the experience of a Division street sister. All her married life she has had an unbroken struggle with her husband to keep herself supplied with wood, and the greater part of the time she has been obliged to depend upon her own dexterity with the axe, and any one who has seen a woman handle an axe, knows what a dreadful thing it is. Two months ago she begged of him not to go away without leaving her some kindlings. He said he wouldn't. But he finally did. Then she hit upon a plan. She had four dozen clothespins. She took one dozen of them, started the fire, and found they worked admirably. The next day she went to the store and purchased another four dozen—having them "put in the bill." When they were gone she repeated the errand. She said no more to him about kindlings. For ten years she had kept up the battle, and now she was tired and sick at heart. He could go his own way, and she would go hers—patiently, uncomplainingly—until the end would come.

On Monday he signified at the store that he would like to settle his account. The bill was made out and handed him. He glanced down the items. As he advanced along the column his face began to work. First his eyes slowly enlarged then his mouth gradually opened, caused by the drooping of his lower jaw; and wrinkles formed on his forehead. One-third down the column he formed his lips as if to whistle. Four lines below he did whistle. Half way down he said:

"Gra-cious!"

A little further on he said:

"Thunder!"

Four more lines were taken in, and he spoke again:

"By the Jumping Jupiter!"

Then he read on, smiting his thigh vigorously, and giving vent to various expressions of the liveliest nature. Finally he threw the bill down.

"I say, Benson, look here; this bill can't be mine; you have got me mixed up with some laundry."

"That's your bill, sir," said the grocer, smiling pleasantly.

"I tell you it can't be," persisted the Division street man, beginning to look scared. "Why, here's fifty-five dozen clothespins in a two months' bill. What on earth do you take me for—a furniture laundry?"

"But it is your bill. Your wife can explain it to you. She ordered the pins."

"My wife," gasped the unfortunate man.

"Yes, sir."

The debtor clutched to bill, jammed it into his pocket, and hurried straight

home. He bolted into the house without any abatement of speed, and flinging the paper on the table before his wife, knocked his hat on the back of his head, and said:

"Martha Ann Johnson, what does this mean. There are fifty-five dozen clothespins in Mr. Benson's bill for the past two past months, and he says you ordered every blessed one of them."

"And so I did," said she demurely "W-h-a-t! Fifty-five dozen clothespins in two months!" and he shot down into a chair as if a freight car had fallen atop of him. "Fifty-five dozen clothespins in two months!" he howled. "Will a just heaven stand that?"

"I tell you, you needn't stare at me that way, Reuben Wheeler Johnson, nor go to calling out heaven with your impiousness. I ordered them myself, and I have burnt every one of 'em in that stove, just because you were to all-fired lazy to get any wood. And I declare, before I'll be bothered jawing and fighting to get you to cut wood, I'll burn up every clothespin in the land, and you shall pay for them, if you have to sell the shirt on your back to do it. So now?"

And Mrs. Johnson with a face like scarlet, snatched up the broom, and went to sweeping the carpet as if every flake of dust was a red hot coal, while the unhappy Mr. Johnson hastened to the store, and paid the bill. And before dark that night he had a half cord of wood sawed, split and piled up ready for use.—Danbury News.

A Common Error Among Non-Advertisers.

A correspondent reports the substance of a conversation he overheard between two merchants, one of whom advertised, and the other did not. "A" commenced with a general protest against advertising, and, as a clincher, remarked (falling into a wide-spread error): "Why should I advertise? am I not as well-known as I can be; was I not born in this town, and am I not known to almost every man, woman or child in this country? Why, it's absurd."

"Do you think so?" asked B. "It seems to me that you only make the mistake which everybody in your position is likely to make. To be well known is a good thing, but if you suppose for a moment that being well known will make up for your not advertising, you make a great mistake, and one that you should do your best to understand and eradicate."

A—"How so; what do you mean?" B—"Why, you should remember that it is not altogether you and your name that is important for people to remember or for you to advertise in the newspapers. It is the associating your name with something that people want, and your power to convince them that you will do well by them, that makes advertising valuable. It brings the man and goods together, so that in thinking of the one the other naturally recurs to the mind of the buyer."

"So it is your goods, your prices, your specialties, the advantages you have to offer, and not yourself, as a mere man, that you want people to understand. One step further: Though you may know everybody and everybody knows you, when you may happen to see them, or they you, yet the old proverb, 'Out of sight out of mind,' should remind you that they do not see you unless you meet. Now, this is the very thing that newspapers are called upon to remedy, and do remedy. They cause, even compel people to remember you and your store when both are out of sight."

You can not fail to impress them by persistent advertising, and at last they could not forget you if they would. But to answer you in your own way, by example, let us consider the case of one of the largest and most persistent firms who advertise."

This firm is not only known in New York State and city and throughout the whole country, as a household word, but is known over the whole civilized world. Do they advertise the less on this account? Not at all. On the contrary, judging from the legions of column and half-column advertisements which have flooded our newspapers in the past two years, they have done more advertising in that time than in any previous years. Yet they were never so well-known as at the time when they commenced to advertise so largely.—Advertisers Gazette.

HENRY VARLEY, the English revivalist, is in Boston where he will remain a fortnight. The general interest felt in the appearance of this noted preacher in the city is shown by the attendance of full houses. The *Globe* says of him: Mr. Varley made a pleasant impression. There is very little, either in the manner or matter of his discourse, that even suggests ranting; and although he cannot be pronounced a great pulpit orator, or a master in acute theological reasoning, it is easy to understand Mr. Varley's influence for good in the pulpit. A thick-set, middle aged man, with an abundance of black hair, a very pleasant expression of countenance, Mr. Varley strikes one as thoroughly in earnest for what he believes to be right. He is favored with a fine, well-modulated voice, and, for the most part, escapes criticism on the score of rising inflection,

He occasionally drops his h's, and wanders in his metaphors once in a while; but, as a whole, his discourse was remarkable for the generally correct language used. There is, in Mr. Varley's delivery, no lack of force or earnestness. His gestures are free and yet not awkward; and occasionally some special point is enforced with a sounding thump upon the preacher's desk or a clap of the hands. Devoid of all affectation of modesty or striving after effect, Mr. Varley left his hearers with the feeling that, spite of some ideas which seem rather startling to American ears, he is an earnest, prayerful, thoroughly enthusiastic worker for the Gospel of Christ as he understands it. The meetings which Mr. Varley conducted in the Hippodrome and in the various churches in New York were very largely attended. The churches of various denominations were quickened to renewed activity and usefulness, and it would not be possible at this time to reckon up the good results equally gratifying will attend the meetings in Boston. Mr. Varley will preach every evening this week in Tremont Temple.

On Monday last the centennial celebration of the opening events of the Old Revolutionary War was observed at Lexington and Concord, Mass., with great ceremony, and attended by President Grant and other national celebrities, the Governors of the New England States, a very large number of military organizations, companies of minute men, and an immense concourse of people. The arrangements of the celebration were well made and efficiently carried out. The processions are reported to have been most imposing in appearance, while the literary exercises by such men as Ralph Waldo Emerson, James Russell and George William Curtis, could not fail to meet the expectations of all. The statue of the "minute man" about which much solicitude was felt lest it should not arrive in time to be unveiled, was on the ground, as were also those of Samuel Adams and John Hancock, at Lexington.

The initial revolutionary struggles at Lexington and Concord are, in their details, familiar to all. Twenty-five years ago, on the seventy-fifth anniversary, the legislature of Massachusetts proceeded to old Concord, where a modest celebration took place, and speeches were made by such men of that day as Robert Rantoul and Edward Everett. One venerable relic of the period "which tied men's souls" was then presented—Dr. Jonathan Harrington—a man who had nearly reached his hundredth year, and was a fiercer at the battle of Concord, seventy-five years before, and his appearance and falteringly made, but emphatic speech, created greater sensation than did the patriotic eloquence of the greater orators. Since then the inauguration of the monument at Acton, Mass., to the memory of the brave men who fell at Concord Bridge.

"By the rude bridge that arches the flood,
Their flags to April's breeze unfurled,
Here the emboldened farmers stood,
And fired the shot heard round the world."

on the 19th of April, 1775, was another public event commemorative of that period. The occasion was one of the most solemn character. The bones of the martyrs—Davis and Hosmer—were exhumed from their resting place in the little rural cemetery outside the village, in presence of a privileged few, and when one of the skulls (that of Abner Hosmer) was lifted from the earth, the hole made in it by the British bullet was clearly visible to fully identify it as part of the remains of him who was among the bravest of the brave.—Amherst Cabinet.

A COLORED PREACHER KILLS HIS WIFE.—WILMINGTON, April 25.—Last night John Andrew, pastor of the colored Methodist Episcopal Church at Georgetown, Sussex county, after concluding his sermon went home, and, it is supposed, had a quarrel with his wife. The neighbors heard loud talking, but as it was no new thing they did not interfere. This morning they found Mrs. Andrew in the yard of her house dead, her head having been nearly blown off by a shot-gun, which was found lying at her feet. Her husband had disappeared, and the Sheriff and a posse of men have since started in pursuit, and feel sure of capturing him. Andrew is a mulatto, about thirty-five years old, five feet six inches high, and compactly built. He was quite intelligent, but it is said has a temper beyond his control, and for some time past has borne an uneven character. Early this year he assaulted a man in his church for some trivial offense, and came near killing him with a chair.

THE FIRE THAT OLD NICK BUILT.—We find in an exchange the following capital imitation of the style of the "house that Jack built," and wish it might become a household favorite.

Intemperance—This is the fire that old Nick built.

Moderate drinking—This is the foe that feeds the fire that old Nick built.

Rum-selling—This is the ax that cuts the wood that feeds the fire that old Nick built.

Love of Money—This is the stone that grinds the ax that cuts the wood that feeds the fire that old Nick built.

Public opinion—This is the sledge with its face of steel that batters the stone that grinds the ax that cuts the wood that feeds the fire that old Nick built.

A temperance meeting—This is one of the blows that we quietly deal to

fashion the sledge with its edge of steel that batters the stone that grinds the ax that cuts the wood that feeds the fire that old Nick built.

Temperance pledge—This is the smith that works with a will to give force to the blow that we quietly deal to fashion the sledge with its face of steel that batters the stone that grinds the ax that cuts the wood that feeds the fire that old Nick built.

Eternal truth—This is the spirit so gentle and still that nerves the smith to work with a will to give force to the blow that we quietly deal to fashion the sledge with its face of steel that batters the stone that grinds the ax that cuts the wood that feeds the fire that old Nick built.

NEW YORK.

Ceremony of Conferring the Berretta on Cardinal McCloskey.

NEW YORK, April 27.—Thousands of spectators gathered at St. Patrick's cathedral this morning to witness the ceremony of conferring the berretta on Cardinal McCloskey. There had been an enormous demand for tickets, and numbers of those who had them found great difficulty in gaining an entrance. The streets in the neighborhood were packed with humanity.

The interest manifested was so great that representatives from every part of the Union were present. A number of front seats were reserved for invited guests, and among those seated in the front were Chief Justice Daly, Judge Donohue, District Attorney Phelps, Sinclair Toussie, Collector Arthur, Thomas Murphy, and many other well-known citizens. At twenty minutes to eleven o'clock the head of the procession emerged from the vestry, acolytes leading. Then followed long lines of clergymen, who, after making genuflections before the high altar, passed down the central aisle, which was soon packed. When the surpliced priests had all taken their places, the representatives of the various religious orders in the diocese began to emerge from the vestry in their picturesque habits. When the procession had all been arranged in proper places, there was an interval of ten minutes, during which the church was filled with joyous music from the choir.

The procession of prelates at length emerged from the vestry with slow and measured tone. The scene was magnificent; boys with picturesque robes and swinging censers and dignitaries in dark purple proceeded by archbishops and bishops. The procession was closed by celebrants of mass, Bishop Loughlin, of Brooklyn, Rev. Dr. McGlum assistant, Rev. Father M'Glum deacon, and Father Kean sub-deacon. Then came Cardinal McCloskey, the papal envoy, Dr. Abaldi, Mgr. Roncetti, and lastly the tall figure of Count Marfocchi, of the pope's noble guard, in his dazzling uniform.

Cardinal McCloskey, wearing his purple cassock and mantilla, knelt at the epistle side of the altar. The archbishop of Baltimore sat on his throne on the same side, the officiating bishop clergymen stood at the altar steps, and mass was commenced. At the confector, the cardinal stood up and proceeded to his throne at the gospel side, he alone of all the prelates present having a pastoral staff, which was carried by an assistant.

The officiating bishop, after incensing the altar three times, sat down with the deacon and sub-deacon. Bishop Loughlin read the introit, recited the "Kyrie," and intoned the "Gloria in Excelsis," which was afterwards sung by the choir. The "Collects" were read by the celebrant, the epistle by the sub-deacon, and while Bishop Loughlin read the Gospel the entire congregation rose to their feet. He then chanted the words "Credo in unum Deum," and in a low voice recited the remainder of the Nicene creed. When it was completed the celebrant, together with the assistant deacon and sub-deacon, sat down until the choir had finished.

Bishop Loughlin returned to the altar, where after customary *Domine Vobiscum* and *Oremus*, he proceeded to read prayers at the offertory. The deacon and sub-deacon then prepared the sacred vessels and the bread and wine. *Mercantones quam dilecta* was sung during this period. Acolytes again advanced with censers, and the altar was incensed by celebrant, the archbishop and bishop rising and removing their mitres.

The priests and entire congregation also rose at this time. The church was a level sea of heads from right to left, from sanctuary to doors. Right, left and centre aisles were packed as full as they could hold with people, who were glad to get standing room, when the bell tinkled, to announce the opening of the "Canon" or solemn part of the ceremony. The people standing made an attempt to kneel, but were unable to do so; they were massed so tightly, and the very unusual spectacle was witnessed of hundreds standing up during the consecration. Towards the end of the mass was introduced the ceremony of giving "pax," or "kiss of peace." Pax was given from one to other until it passed along to right and left all through the crowded sanctuary. When mass was finished the interesting part of ceremony commenced.

Cardinal McCloskey arose and knelt at the left hand side of the altar. The archbishop of Baltimore stepped down from his throne and knelt at the epistle side. The audience arose with perceptible excitement, and some crowded upon the clergymen in the sanctuary. The Ablegate Mgr. Roncetti stood beside Archbishop Bailly, and in a loud clear voice read the message in Latin from the pope to his venerable frater archbishop of Baltimore, stating forth the reasons which induced him to confer the cardinalate on Archbishop McCloskey, and at the close handed him the brief authorizing him to confer the berretta on this newly appointed prince of the church.

The archbishop having replied in Latin, passed the brief over to Father M'Gran, deacon of the mass, who then read it. Count Marfocchi then surrendered the berretta to Mgr. Roncetti, who handed it to Archbishop Bailly, who then walked over to the cardinal and placed the cap on his head, at the same time addressing him in Latin as "eminentissimus Tus." The cardinal made a suitable reply, again Latin and after intoning "Te Deum," retired to the vestry and put on the crimson robes of

his office and returned to the altar, while the choir sang the "Te Deum." At the close of the hymn the cardinal gave the pontifical benediction and the ceremonies ended, and the rest of the congregation passed out of the cathedral.

"WHO LOVED ME, AND GAVE HIMSELF FOR ME?"

GAL. 2:20.

There is a love that stands afar.
There is a love that passeth all
The love of friend or mother;
'Tis love embracing great and small,
'Tis love beyond all other.
Oh love of Christ, how full! how free!
For poor, lost sinners, 'e'en for me!
For me, for me! For sinners, 'e'en for me.

It was that love which brought Christ down,
His happy home forsaking,
To bear the just Jehovah's crown,
Our sins upon him taking.
Oh love of Christ, how full! how free!
To bear the weight of sin for me!
For me, for me! To bear my sins for me.

It was that love that made him die
A death by God accorded,
That those 'at should be brought nigh,
To look on him they pierced.
Oh love of Christ, how full! how free!
To die a death acc'd for me!
For me, for me! A death acc'd for me.

'Twas by that love he made a way
Into the kingdom of heaven;
And thus by faith may I this day
Know all my sins forgiven.
Oh love of Christ, how full! how free!
That gained the kingdom of heaven for me!
For me, for me! The kingdom of heaven for me.

'Tis through that love that Jesus now
For us is interceding;
The sovereign Lord to whom all bow
The sinner's cause is pleading.
Oh love of Christ, how full! how free!
To intercede in heaven for me!
For me, for me! To intercede for me.

Revised and published by Rev. J. Zeigler,
expressing the faith of Messiah's Church;
and contains sound doctrine.

AN INQUIRY.—I would like to ask if any of your readers can tell me of any method by which cattle may be protected from the persecutions of the gad-fly, and thus enable me to be rid of those unsightly bunches so common in the backs of young animals. I know they are usually regarded as unimportant, but they do injure the hide; and if one tries to be particular with a fine young Jersey, for instance, they do not look well.

YOUNG FARMER.

It would be a little remarkable if conservative England should get ahead of this county in practical adoption of woman suffrage, but the Parliament of England has recently come nearer to granting this privilege to women than has any legislative body in this country. Women householders there already vote in municipal elections, and the bill giving the ballot to all unmarried ladies was defeated in Parliament by vote of a only 187 to 151, Mr. Disraeli, the leader of the party now in power, voted for the bill.

A PARIS special says war is again threatened,—a war involving Russia, Italy, Germany, Austria and France. Bismarck is the promoter of this war, and papacy is the pretext. The aggressive attitude of Prussia was doubtless the real, though not the ostensible cause of the late conference at Venice. There is also a strong belief that Russia fears for the safety of her Baltic provinces, and will look with favor upon a new quadruple alliance, including France, against Prussia.

THE Washington Star says "the practical operation of the compulsory education law in New York has developed the fact that most of the absenteeism in the public schools is caused by truancy." It has also developed the fact that the school accommodations will have to be largely increased in order to provide room for these "truants."

BAD for remarried men. A Boston philosopher believes that in another quarter of a century the materialized forms of our friends will walk the streets by our sides.

Boston vaunts its intellectual superiority in that a conductor of one of its horse-cars is a graduate of a first-class college, but he is no more accurate in counting the whalebones in a lady's corset when lifting her into the car with his knuckles than some conductors on the same line who spell Jerusalem with a little "g."

A mother-in-law has sent a communication to a Milwaukee magazine, denouncing "the vile rabble of course, lowbred journalists," who make paragraphs about men's wives' mothers. We'll bet that woman keeps her son-in-law with-in traces. Perhaps she even stood over the poor devil and made him write her communication for her.

Free! Free! Free!

THE PIONEER.

A handsome illustrated newspaper containing information for everybody. Tells how and where to secure a home cheap. Sent free to all sorts of the world. It contains the new Hamilton and Timber Lake, with other interesting matter found only in this paper.

Send for it at once!

It will only cost you a Postal Card. New number April just out.
Address, D. E. DAVIS,
Land Commissioner, U. S. P. R. L.,
Omaha, Neb.

For Sale or To Let.

WAGONS FOR SALE.—The undersigned has on hand some first-class two-horse wagons which they will dispose of for cash. They intend keeping on hand wagons of the most improved style and finish. Persons wishing a first-class wagon will do well to call and examine their stock before purchasing elsewhere. GEO. RIDER & SON,
6-8-11 Central City, Centre co., Pa.

FOR SALE OR RENT!

A WIRE MILL AND SPIRAL SPRING FACTORY, together with an excellent

WATER POWER!

ALL NEW AND IN PERFECT ORDER! Situated on Logan's Branch just above Vain's Forge, about one-half mile from Bellefonte. Also as much land as may be desired for the use of said Factory. For sale or rent.

TERMS EASY. Inquire of CHAS. McCAFFERTY, Owner, or A. O. Furst, Bellefonte, Pa.

Two other water powers adjoining, unimproved, with land sufficient for any manufacturing purpose. 6-8-11.

Philadelphia Advertisements.

CHAIR-BUILDER JOHN YEAGER, 218-22-24 North 20th St., Phila. Hand Railing of every description, Baluster and Newell Posts made to order at lowest prices. 15-12w

FINE BOOTS & SHOES For Gentlemen and Boys, also Riding Leggings at JACOB ZACH & SON, 905 Arch St., Phila. 15-12w

IRON FENCES. The New Iron Nailed to Iron. The Best Iron Fence in the World, for Lots, Cemeteries, &c. Send for Circular to WICKESHAM & BRO., 1003 Ridge Ave. Phila. 15-12w

WATCHES & JEWELRY. At the old established Stand of MOORE & BRO., 1031 Market Street, Philadelphia. 15-12w

TO THE CITIZENS OF PENNSYLVANIA.—Your attention is specially invited to the fact that the National Banks are now prepared to receive subscription to the Capital Stock of this Centennial Bank of Kinship. The funds realized from this source are to be employed in the erection of the buildings for the International Exhibition, and the expenses connected with the same. It is confidently believed that the Keystone State will be represented by the name of every citizen alive to patriotic commemoration of the one hundredth birthday of the nation. The shares of stock are offered for \$10 each, and subscribers will receive a handsomely engraved Certificate of Stock, suitable for framing and preservation as a national memorial.

Interest at the rate of six per cent per annum will be paid on all payments of Centennial Stock from date of payment to January 1, 1876.

Subscribers who are not near a National Bank can remit a check or post-office order to the undersigned.

FREDK. FARLEY, Treasurer, 904 Walnut St., Philadelphia

Fire-arms.

GREAT REDUCTION!

Good Revolvers - \$4.50

Single Shot Guns \$3 to \$12.00

Double Guns \$8 to \$150.00

Powder, Shot, Cartridges,

GREEN-LOADING & MUZZLE-LOADING

SHOT GUNS & RIFLES

at the lowest possible rates.

FIREARMS OF ALL DESCRIPTIONS CAREFULLY REPAIRED.

SHOP ON HIGH STREET,

BELLEFONTE, PA.

THEODORE DESCHNER.

7-3-1v

Watches and Jewelry.

Unusual Inducements.

NEW AND ATTRACTIVE GOODS,

IN EVERY DEPARTMENT.

No. 1124 CHESTNUT ST.

ROBBINS

CLARK & BIDDLE

PHILADELPHIA.

Invite attention to their large and well selected stock of

Jewelry, Diamonds, Watches,

SILVER-WARE, PLATED-WARE,

CLOCKS, BROOCHES AND FANCY GOODS,

From Paris, Vienna and Berlin.

TABLE CUTLERY.

Orders by mail will receive prompt attention

7-7 m 45m 175

For

COUGHS, COLDS, HOARSENESS.

Use

WELLS' Carbolic Tablets,

PUT UP ONLY IN BLUE BOXES.

A TRIED AND SURE REMEDY.

Sold by Druggists generally, and

JOHNSTON HOLLOWAY & CO.,

Philadelphia, Pa.

15-41

PETERS'

CHEAP MUSIC.

You can get as much music for 50 cents by

buying one of our Magazines, as you can

purchase for \$5 in any other way.

We have now ready and will send post-paid,

NOS. 1, 2, 3, 4, and 5 PETERS' PARLOR MU-

SIC. A Collection of new Piano Pieces by

Kinkel, Peck, Facher, Wagner, etc., etc., ev-

ery number containing at least six choice

Pieces.

Nos. 1, 2, 3, 4, and 5 PETERS' HOUSEHOLD

MELODIES. A Collection of Songs and

Choruses, by Hays, Stewart, Danke, Thomas,

etc. Every number contains at least seven

Pieces.

Nos. 1 to 17 LA CREME DE LA CREME. A

Collection of choice classic and difficult Piano

Musical from the very best authors, such as

Mozart, Wagner, etc.

Mailed, post-paid, on receipt of 50 cents per

number, or six numbers for \$2. Twelve num-

bers, \$4.

Address, J. L. PETERS, 654 Broadway, N. Y.

17-41 P. O. Box 519

For Sale at this Office.

BLANK

ARTICLE OF AGREEMENT

ARTICLE OF AGREEMENT

BETWEEN SCHOOL BOARD & TEACHER

constantly on hand at this office and for sale at

5 cts apiece, or 50 cts per dozen.

WE KEEP ON HAND

all kinds of

NOTES AND LEGAL BLANKS

NOTES AND LEGAL BLANKS

NOTES AND LEGAL BLANKS

NOTES AND LEGAL BLANKS

which we sell in any quantity desired. Call at

this office.

FOR SALE.

A GOOD SECOND HAND

FLORENCE

SEWING MACHINE.

VERY CHEAP.

Enquire at this office.

COLLECTOR'S SALE

BLANKS.

75 cts per hundred

12 cts per dozen.

Send post paid to any address on receipt

of price.

LOOK! LOOK!

We have a limited stock of

BILL HEADS

which we will print and sell for

\$3 PER THOUSAND.

\$2 PER FIVE HUNDRED.

Order now. We have only a limited stock at

the above price and shall not probably have

any more. Send for sample.

REPUBLICAN OFFICE.

CLOTHING & DRY GOODS.

Mammoth Clothing Store!

CLOTHING! CLOTHING! CLOTHING!

ISAAC GUGGENHEIMER,

Having in addition to his extensive Dry Goods Store, taken the room formerly occupied by Ab-

raham Sussman, fitted it up and filled it completely with THE LARGEST STOCK OF CLOTHING

ever opened in Bellefonte, is now prepared to accommodate everybody, and to

Guarantee Bargains.

In the line of clothing—such as have never been offered in this section of the State. He has

now in his store,

MEN'S SUITS—varying in price from \$5 to \$40.00

BOY'S SUITS \$4 to \$18.00

OVER COATS—every grade. At cost

DRESS COATS—varying in price from \$1.50 to \$8.00

PANTS \$1.50 to \$5.00

VESTS 50 cts to \$6.00

and every description of GENTLEMEN'S FURNISHING GOODS.

TWO ROOMS FULL OF GOODS.

Connected with his clothing store in the adjoining room he will continue the

Dress Goods Department,

In which every conceivable description of Dress and Dry Goods, from the

FINEST SILKS TO THE CHEAPEST CALICOS,

as well as

NOTIONS, HOSIERY, GLOVES, &c., &c.

together with a

FULL LINE OF CARPETS

of any grade, will be kept constantly on hand. His prices will be made to suit

and he will guarantee the fullest satisfaction to every customer.

Polite and accommodating clerks will take pleasure in showing you the goods.

voluntarily

Nos. 1 & 2, BUSH'S ARCADE

S. A. BREW & SON, GROCERIES, &c.

S. A. BREW & SON,

SUCCESSOR TO FRYBERGER & MORAN,

GROCERS.

Next Door to the Post Office,

BELLEFONTE, PENN'A.

WE will take all kinds of COUNTRY PRODUCE, in exchange for goods in

our line.

WE have a nice lot of ELEGANT LAKE HERRING,—will sell them at cost

to close out.

WE are making a specialty of the following goods from now, Sept. 1st, to

Dec. 1st, 1874.

Breakfast Bacon,

1 lbain Ments,

Sugar Cured Shoulders,

Sugar Cured Ham,

Salt in Sacks and Barrels,

Floor Oil Cloth,

And Crockery Ware.

COME AND SEE OUR STORE.

S. A. BREW & SON.

4-11

Medicines.

THE PEOPLE'S DRUG STORE.

Next door to Wilson's, & Hicks' Har-

ware store, Allegheny St.,

BELLEFONTE, PA.,

James C. Williams,

(Successors to Linn & Wilson.)

DEALERS IN

PURE DRUGS

AND MEDICINES,

CHEMICALS, PAINTS, OILS, DYE STUFFS,

VARNISHES, BRUSHES, PERFUMERY,

NOTIONS, FANCY ARTICLES

FOR THE TOILET, &c.

PURE WINE AND LIQUORS

for medicinal purposes

SHOULDER BRACES,

TRUSSES & SUPPORTERS in great variety.

Also, Choice

CIGARS AND TOBACCO,

and all other articles usually kept in a first

class Drug Store.

PRESCRIPTIONS CAREFULLY COMPOUND

ED.

JAMES C. WILLIAMS.

TEAS! TEAS!

ESTABLISHED 1840.

The old established and responsible house of

the undersigned, offer in opposition to the hum-

bug of "Tea Companies" and distributors of

"chromes," a large and attractive assortment of

Choice Teas, at a small advance above cost of

importation, warranting their goods to give

satisfaction.

PRICE LIST.

Oolong, Black—40, 50, 60, best 70 cents - per

pound.

Mixed, Green & Black—40, 50, 60, best 70 cents

per pound.

Japan, Uncolored—60, 70, 80, best \$1.00 per

pound.

Imperial, Green—60, 70, 80, best \$1.10

per pound.

Young Hyson, Green—60, 70, 80, best \$1.00,

best \$1.00 per pound.

BELLEFONTE REPUBLICAN

EDWARD T. TUTEN, EDITOR.

Terms: \$2.00 Per Annum in Advance.

OUR TERMS

FOR SUBSCRIPTION AND ADVERTISING.

The BELLEFONTE REPUBLICAN is published every Wednesday morning, in Bellefonte, Pa. by

EDWARD T. TUTEN,

at the following rates:

One year in advance.....\$2.00
 If not paid within 6 months.....\$2.50
 If not paid for until expiration of year.....\$3.00
 Papers sent out to subscribers at the expiration of their terms of subscription, at the option of the publishers, unless otherwise agreed upon.
 Papers will not be sent out of Centre county unless paid for in advance.
 Special notices inserted in our local columns at 20 cts. per line for each insertion, unless otherwise agreed upon, by the month, quarter or year.
 Editorial Notices in our local columns, 25 cts. per line for each insertion.
 Marriage or Death announcements published free of charge. Obituary notices published free, subject to revision and condensation by the Editors.
 Professional or Business Cards, not exceeding lines this type, \$5.00 per annum.
 All advertisements for a less term than three months, 20 cents per line for the first three insertions, and 5 cts. a line for each additional insertion.

SPACE OCCUPIED. 3 mos. 6 mos. 1 year.
 Inch (12 lines type) \$5.00 \$8.00 \$12.00
 Two inches.....7.00 10.00 15.00
 Three inches.....10.00 15.00 20.00
 Four inches.....11.00 17.00 25.00
 Quarter column.....12.00 20.00 30.00
 Half column.....20.00 35.00 50.00
 One column.....35.00 55.00 75.00

All advertisements, whether displayed or blank lines, measured by lines of this type.

A. J. advertisements due after the first insertion.
 Job work of every variety, such as Posters, Bill-heads, Letter-heads, Cards, Checks, Envelopes, Paper-books, Programmes, Blanks, &c., &c., executed in the best style with promptness, and at the most reasonable rates.
 Address all communications, relating to business, to EDWARD T. TUTEN, Proprietor, Bellefonte, Pa.

READ! READ!! READ!!!

We have made arrangements with the following publishers so that we can furnish their publications with the REPUBLICAN at reduced rates, thus affording those who desire such books and papers, an opportunity to save from twenty to thirty per cent.

There is no postage to be paid by the subscriber, but no paper will be sent until the money is received at this office:

	Regular Price	Price with Republican
MONTHLY.		
Harper's Magazine.....	\$4.00	\$3.25
Scribner's Monthly.....	4.00	3.25
St. Nicholas.....	3.00	2.50
Peter's Monthly.....	3.00	2.50
La Crosse de la Crosse.....	4.00	3.00
Loeche's National Monthly.....	1.00	2.50
American Farm Journal.....	2.00	2.50
Peterson's Journal.....	3.00	2.50
The Republic.....	2.00	3.00
Penn Monthly.....	3.00	2.75
Woods' Household Magazine.....	1.00	2.75

WEEKLY.		
Harper's Weekly.....	4.00	3.25
Harper's Bazar.....	4.00	3.25
Forney's Press.....	2.00	3.50
Toled Weekly Blade.....	2.00	3.50
Scientific American.....	3.00	4.75
American Agriculturist.....	1.00	3.20
Cincinnati Weekly Times.....	3.00	3.60

***We can furnish any weekly or monthly publication in the United States at less than publisher's prices.

COURT PROCEEDINGS.

Court convened on Monday afternoon, Judge Orvis presiding during that day and on Tuesday, when Judge Mayer arrived and took the bench most of the time during the remainder of the week. During Monday and Tuesday the time of the court was principally taken up with considering applications for licenses to sell intoxicating liquors under the new law. The subject of license and no license was thoroughly, ably, and in some cases, eloquently discussed; more so, we believe, than it was by the State Legislature, when considering and passing the crude statute which displaced the "local option" law. The principal champions of temperance and opponents of granting licenses, were Messrs. Furst, Blair and Blanchard, while Messrs. Alexander and Beaver took more moderate views, as representatives of parties applying for licenses. The speech of A. O. Furst, Esq., was one the most eloquent and thorough appeals in behalf of temperance and good order to which we have listened. It produced a profound sensation, and there were scores of eyes in that assembly that dimmed with tears before the thrilling words of the speaker. Audience, bar and bench were visibly affected.

Edward Blanchard, Esq., also spoke with characteristic vigor and force, while C. T. Alexander, Esq., as representing applicant for license, took a view of the existing laws on this subject, and of the duty of the court, under the circumstances, that was calm, able, and exhaustive.

The court seemed to think that they had no discretionary power to refuse altogether to grant license, their powers in the case, in their judgment, being limited to considering the worthiness of the applicants, and the necessity existing, according to public belief, for the privileges which were sought to be obtained. A list of the licenses granted by the court, will be published next week. It was announced, by Judge Orvis on Thursday, when giving the list of licenses granted last, that in no one case had the court been unanimous in granting a single application, the majority being differently composed of two Judges, only, in the several cases.

TUESDAY, 27.

The case of Wm. Harkens, Admr., vs. J. B. Solt, et al., was taken up. It was in action of debt upon a promissory note. The only defense was made by Mr. Jno. U. Wasson, an endorsee on

the note. It was claimed in his behalf that he had given the holder of the note notice to collect it, and this not being heeded, he was released from responsibility.

WEDNESDAY, 28.

The above case was concluded. The court directed the jury that if they believed the evidence, it was their duty to render a verdict in favor of the plaintiff. Verdict accordingly for \$1363.45; Alexander and Fortney for plaintiff; Beaver for defendant.

Com. vs. David Logan. Mr. Logan was indicted for assault and battery by Mrs. Margaret Nason, the parties all residing in Rush township. It appeared from the evidence, that Mr. Logan had been appointed overseer of the poor for Rush township by the court of quarter sessions, after which he proceeded to discharge his duties, by taking charge of the poor of that township. Among the paupers was a small boy, a cripple, who was in the keeping of the Nason family at the cost of six dollars a week. Mr. Logan thought this charge too high, and immediately settled with the Nasons, and paid their bill amounting to over two hundred dollars on or about the twentieth of January last. He gave the Nasons notice that he would not pay that price any longer, when they refused to take four dollars per week; but a Mr. Vanhousl agreed to take the boy at three dollars and seventy five cents per week, which was accepted by Mr. Logan and he and Mr. Vanhousl proceeded to move the boy, to which the Nasons objected and a very slight skirmish ensued in which Mrs. Nason used a chair upon the person of Mr. Logan, to which he responded, by slapping her on the cheek with his hand.

No blood was drawn nor was there any marks or bruises made visible, but Mrs. Nason's blood was aroused to burning heat, hence this suit; but the jury did not take the same view of the case that Mrs. Nason did, and acquitted the defendant, requiring her to pay all the costs. She will probably return home with the understanding that overseers are not to be interfered with while discharging their lawful duty. Alexander for Com., Beaver for deft.

Hahn & Wagner vs. Wm. Poorman, appeal from J. P. The action was for debt for a balance of about \$17 on account. Deft. claimed that in addition to the credits allowed him he was entitled to \$10 more paid in cash, and on order for \$8. The jury gave the plaintiff \$11.75. Yocum for plaintiff; Alexander and Bower for deft.

Milliken Hoover & Co. for use of Judah Whitcomb, vs. Jesse Underwood, Admr. of Jos. Underwood, deceased. Sci. fa. to revive judgment, was called and jury sworn.

THURSDAY, 29.

The trial of the above case was continued. The original judgment sought to be revived was dated Jan. 4, 1870, and was for \$1578.12. A ruling of court at an early stage of the trial, that proof of transactions prior to the rendition of the judgment could not be given in evidence, having the effect to shut out the proof sought to be adduced by the deft., it was agreed that the case should proceed as though on an issue to open the judgment. Deft. claimed that the judgment had been satisfied, the particular controversy being as to the identity of a draft referred to in an article of agreement with that which was the foundation of the judgment. His honor, Judge Orvis, took the stand, and testified as to his recollection, he having been employed by the parties to draw up one of the contracts in evidence. Verdict for the plaintiff for \$2081.64. Alexander and Bower for plaintiffs; Furst and Blair for deft.

Jno. Hoffer, vs. Bridget McGill, ejectment. This was founded on a judgment given to the plaintiff for a store account by Jas. McGill, brother of deft. He was the owner of a house and lot, in this borough, which he deeded to his sister, as she claimed, as part payment for her wages while serving him as housekeeper, nurse, &c. It was claimed by the plaintiff that this transfer of his real estate by Jas. McGill to his sister, was in fraud of his creditors and especially of the plaintiff. Verdict for deft. Keller and Alexander for plaintiff; Furst for deft.

Owen McCann, vs. Pa. R. R. Co. This was on action under an act of Assembly to recover for the value of a steer and two pigs, belonging to the plaintiff, and which were killed by the cars on the Bald Eagle Valley R. R. near Post Matilda. The Court permitted the jury to render a verdict for plaintiff for \$41, the amount being agreed upon by the parties, reserving the legal points in the case, regarding the plaintiff's right to recover, for further argument next week. Alexander and Bower for plaintiff; Blanchard for deft.

No cases were tried on Friday, and the Court was in session but a short time, when it adjourned till Monday.

—A printer in Lancaster County, is the father of twenty-six children. If we were the head of that household we would purchase blue head matches extensively and leave them lay around loose, young ones don't thrive well on blue head matches.

POLITICS IN CENTRE.

Attitude of the People and the Different Parties—The Opportunity Afforded the Republicans—Democratic Pledges Fifteen Years in Advance.

[Correspondence of Gazette & Bulletin.]

It is a long time since I penned a line to you; but I am glad to know that others have kept you well posted in Centre county matters. There are many things I desire to communicate at this time, which I think will be of interest to the public, and first will speak of the repeal of

LOCAL OPTION.

The die is cast. Local option has been repealed and the right of the majority trampled under foot in the anti-license counties. Centre county voted in favor of local option by nearly 1,200 majority, yet one of her members in the legislature voted in favor of repeal. The Hon. S. T. Shugert voted for repeal, and Hon. Wm. K. Alexander, who was elected in February to fill the vacancy made by the death of Hon. S. S. Wolf, voted on both sides of the question, thus making himself what his enemies have always claimed him to be, only half a man. By his first vote against repeal he gained the respect of the best portion of both parties—the moral and christian men—and lost the confidence of the license men. By voting in favor of repeal in the second instance, he lost all he gained by his former vote and failed to secure the confidence or respect of his own party friends. Had he only stood by his first vote what a noble record he would have made for himself. There he stood in the house—a Democratic member—knowing that the leading politicians of his party and the majority of the men that elected him, were opposed to local option, looking right into the jaws of political death, knowing and feeling that if he cast that vote his political fate was sealed forever; yet he gave it for what he thought was right. Had he stopped here, what could have been so great? Time might have erased the vote, but the results would have been enduring as eternity. But alas! where is he now? Neither party respects him. His own conscience condemns him, and one term and failure is written indelibly upon his once proud banner.

As to S. T. Shugert, nothing else was expected of him, and the temperance men who voted for him have only themselves to condemn for the result. I need only say here that the temperance men have no reason to complain, as they did not address letters of intercession to these men during the canvass, compelling them to take a decided stand either pro or con, as had been done previously when they were playing into the hands of his honor, J. H. Orvis. It is another evidence of what rings and cliques can do, and of the manner in which the honest people are deceived and cheated. It has caused a deal of dissatisfaction in the ranks of the Democratic party, but your correspondent is, as yet, unable to divine its effects upon the fall election.

The country is not ready to entrust the

DEMOCRATIC PARTY

with power. Its leaders here, as elsewhere, are exceedingly anxious to cover up the black and damning character it made for itself before and during the war. I am sorry to say that a few Republican leaders are so blind as to join them in this effort, and say that the past should be obliterated, the hates of the war forgotten, the "bloody chasm" closed up. The record the Democratic party has made for itself, like the bloody spot, will never wipe out, and all the efforts of its leaders, and such reformers as Col. A. K. McClure in its behalf, must prove abortive. The people will never trust it. It has betrayed them too often. The present financial panic is and has been, a most terrific one, but the people have not forgotten that these panics were more terrific, and of more frequent occurrence under the Democratic regime than under the Republican. The panics of 1837, of 1847 and of 1857 are not forgotten by the people, and many of our citizens still feel the results of the rotten Democratic system of state banks and shipplaster currency. Democratic leaders are very desirous of regaining power, and to this end they resort to all kinds of chicanery. The newest dodge, in this county, is the cry that party politics is ruining the country. The rigor of party discipline is denounced as ruinous and held up as the greatest evil which can befall any country. The astonishing and brazen impudence of such a cry made by a party that never did, never can, never will relax the iron authority it exerts over its obedient followers may well cause wonder, but cannot gain the confidence of the intelligent masses, while these same leaders in the same breath demand the continuous success of the court house ring in this county. The trick is a shallow one, and will fail, for the people see and know that their only political safety as yet is in the

REPUBLICAN PARTY.

Putting out of view all other reasons—and there are many—for the continuance of the Republican organization, and all other reasons why it will continue to triumph and govern the country, there is one of itself all sufficient. That

reason is the continued existence of the Democratic party in any form or manner. It has been well said that "if there was not a single affirmative principle of national, state, ward or township politics left to contend for, the Republican party would be needed to keep Democracy in submission." Grant, if you like, all the opponents of the Republican party charge against it of incompetence, maladministration, corruption and what not, and still the country cannot spare it so long as there is any Democratic party waiting to take its place. And this is the reason why those who have at times counted on the overthrow of Republicanism have been disappointed, and why they always will be. The people may occasionally administer a rebuke to an untrue and dishonest servant calling himself a Republican; but if so, it is not because they love Democracy any better than when it plotted treason, and secretly sent comfort and aid to rebels in arms. Whenever the Democratic party, anywhere, has begun to take to itself credit and new hope of life from such rebukes, the people have immediately taken the alarm and summarily squelched the galvanized body in a fresh Republican uprising. The people of this country are so thoroughly indoctrinated in distrust of the Democracy and fear of its designs—a fear which its daily record abundantly suffices to keep alive—that whatever else besides they will consent to no disposition of political forces which shall allow it to come near the national headquarters. Even the third term dodge will fail. The Republican party—the nation's organized progress—will triumph, and I believe it will succeed in this county this fall.

THE DEMOCRATIC MASSES

have grown weary of ring rule, and having become cognizant of the fact that all the offices in the court house have been promised ahead for fifteen years to come for they resolved to strike a blow—a final blow—against all cliques, rings, and false leaders.

In this county the aspirants to office in the Democratic party are as numerous as grasshoppers in Nebraska, but all except the chosen few are merely blimblimers or stool pigeons.

THE JUNIOR SONS OF '76

are as far as I can learn, still increasing in this county. The object and aim of this organization, of course, being an outsider, I could not state, but it may be possible that it will make its influence felt in the coming county elections. The working men have power, if they can only be induced to use it.

REPUBLICAN CANDIDATES

in this county are scarce as hens' teeth as yet. In a minority county the inducements for candidates are not sufficiently flattering to bring out a host of men anxious for martyrdom. Nevertheless I must tell you that Col. W. W. Brown has announced himself as a candidate for prothonotary, and declares that if he has not done enough for the party to entitle him to some consideration, he entered it when it only numbered 1900 in this county and he will leave it with less; or in other words he will be the candidate for prothonotary this fall or bust the party.

STATE TREASURER.

John P. Harris, cashier of the First National Bank of this place, has been favorably mentioned by his numerous friends as a candidate for state treasurer. I hope he may succeed. He is a self-made man. He is a first-class financier and business man. He is remarkably liberal in all benevolent, charitable, and Christian objects.

—Convention assembled May 4, 1875, called to order by Prof. R. M. Magee. On Motion of S. W. Mattern, G. F. Harris, of Bellefonte, was elected President of the convention. On Motion S. W. Mattern and Samuel Frank were elected secretaries. The roll of townships and boroughs being called, 127 directors answered to their names. On motion the convention proceeded to fix the amount of salary. The following amounts were placed in nomination, viz., \$1200, \$800 and \$1000. \$1000 having received 81 votes was declared to be the salary per annum. The following persons were then nominated for the office of County Superintendent, viz., Henry Meyer, W. C. Heinle and R. M. Magee. R. M. Meyer respectfully declined. The vote being taken *vice* voce, Henry Meyer was then declared elected. The following resolution was unanimously adopted:

Resolved, that in the retirement of R. M. Magee, Esq., from the office of County Superintendent he carries with him our respects and good wishes, and it gives us pleasure and is due to him to say that we have ever found him diligent, faithful and courteous in the performance of every duty; he has elevated the office and leaves us with honor to himself.

On Motion resolved that it is the wish of this convention that the County Normal School should be held in Milesburg.

GEO. F. HARRIS, President.
 J. W. MATTEN, Secretary.
 SAMUEL FRANK, Secretary.

INSTALLATION.—The following officers were present at the meeting of the Town Council Monday evening last, took the oath of office and entered upon their duties.

A. Sternburg, Chief Burgess; Geo. A. Bayard, Assistant Burgess; Chas. Garner, High Constable; W. W. Montgomery, Councilman, South Ward; Jonathan Harper, West Ward; Daniel Rhoads, North Ward. Wm. P. Duncan yielded his place, so ably filled for three years, and the new Councilmen took their seats and proceeded to reorganize the Council by re-electing R. Valentine, Esq., as President; James H. Rankin, Esq., Sec'y. An ordinance providing for the appointment and payment of the Police Force was presented and on motion postponed till the next regular meeting.

A special meeting of the Council will be held on next Monday evening, on the water supply question.

The next annual convention of the Centre County Sabbath School Association will be held in Unionville, May 27th and 28th. The local committee of arrangements are Dr. J. M. Blair, W. D. Smith, W. P. Fisher, Mary Underwood, Hattie Buck and Mrs. Susan Taylor.

The growth and structure of the human hair, is very plainly set forth in a pamphlet, published by R. P. Hall & Co., Nashua, N. H., proprietors of Hall's Vegetable Sillian Hair Renewer, for gratuitous distribution. The deservedly high reputation of their preparation has wholly been gained by its merits. Being free from oil and alcohol, it has a healthy action on the scalp, restoring gray hair to its natural color without dyeing, it cures itching of the scalp, removes and prevents dandruff, and will thicken up the thin locks. Such are the benefits which are conferred upon the consumer. No one should neglect to give it a trial.—*Journal & Statesman*, Wilmington, Del.

Consumption.

The scourge of the human family, may in its early stages be promptly arrested and permanently cured. RAVENSWOOD, W. Va. Dr. R. V. PIERCE, Buffalo, N. Y.: Sir,—For the last year I have been using your Golden Medical Discovery. I owe my life to it, having been afflicted for years. Did not use it but a short time before I was benefited; at that time I was very bad, not able to sit up much, was suffering greatly with my throat, was getting blind, had a dry cough, and much pain in my lungs, I have used twelve bottles of the Discovery and am almost well.

KATE T. WARDEN. A son of Mr. J. H. Mesec, of Chatham Four Corners, N. Y., has been cured of Consumption by Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery,—so says Mr. C. B. Canfield, editor of the *Chatham Courier*. S. R. Eolan, druggist, of West Union, O., writes to state that Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery has effected a wonderful cure of Consumption in his neighborhood.

EDITOR'S TABLE.

—THE PENN MONTHLY for May has come to hand. This is one of the valuable magazines we have and should be in the hands of every person who desires a real valuable work. It seems to take a hand in politics and we think it a little too much in favor of the Bourbon element. This may be, however to show its independence, as we do not suppose it claims to be a partisan affair; we do not say this to cast reflections, for as we have said it is a valuable magazine and we cheerfully commend it to the attention of our readers. Address, Penn Monthly Association, 506 Walnut St., Philadelphia. Price \$3.00 a year, or will furnish it in connection with the REPUBLICAN for \$3.75 a year, in this latter case the money should be sent direct to this office.

BUSINESS NOTICES.

MORE than 50 years have elapsed since Johnson's Anodyne Liniment was first invented, during which time hundreds of thousands have been benefited by its use. Probably no article ever became so universally popular with all classes as Johnson's Anodyne Liniment.

Pills which contain antimony, quinine and calomel, should be avoided, as severe griping pains would be their only result. The safest, sweetest, and best pills are Parsons' Purgative or Anti-Bilious Pills.

To all, particularly invalids, spring is a trying season. Indications of sickness should at once be attended to. Fatal diseases may be caused by allowing the bowels to become constipated, and the system to remain in a disordered state, until it develops itself. An ounce of prevention is worth a pound of cure, is an old and truthful saying. Therefore, we advise all who are troubled with the complaints now very prevalent—headache, indigestion, disordered liver, want of appetite, nausea, or feverish skin to take, without delay, Schenck's Mennstruative Pills. We know of no remedy so harmless and decisive in its action. It at once strikes at the root of the disease and produces a healthy tone to the system. People never need suffer from disease arising from a disordered condition of the liver if they would take this excellent medicine when they feel the first indications of the malady. Families leaving home for the summer months should take three or four boxes of these pills with them. They have an almost instantaneous effect. They will relieve the patient of headache in one or two hours, and will rapidly cleanse the liver of surrounding bile, and will effectually prevent a bilious attack. They are sold by all druggists. 18-4t

R. F. KUNKEL'S BITTER WINE OF IRON.

R. F. Kunkel's celebrated Bitter Wine of Iron will effectually cure liver complaint, jaundice, dyspepsia, chronic or nervous debility, chronic diarrhoea, disease of the kidneys, and all diseases arising from a disordered liver, stomach, or intestines, such as consumption, flatulence, inward piles, fullness of blood to the head, acidity of the stomach, nausea, heartburn, disgust for food, fullness or weight in the stomach, were eruptions, sinking or floating at the pit of the stomach, swimming of the head, hurried or difficult breathing, fluttering at the heart, shocking or suffocating sensations when in a lying posture, dimness of vision, dots or webs before the sight, dull pains in the head, debility of prostration, yellowness of the skin and eyes, pain in the side, back, head, chest, limbs, etc., sudden flashes of heat, burning in the flesh, constant imaginations of evil and great depression of spirits. Price \$1 per bottle. Beware of counterfeits. Do not let your druggist palm off some other preparation of iron. He may say it is as good, but ask for Kunkel's Bitter Wine of Iron. Take no other. Kunkel's Bitter Wine of Iron is not sold in bulk—only in bottles. R. F. Kunkel, Proprietor, No. 239 North Ninth Street, Philadelphia, Pa. Sold by Druggists and dealers everywhere.

TAPE WORM Entirely removed with purely vegetable medicine, passing from the system alive. No fee unless the head passes. Come and refer to patients treated. Dr. E. F. Kunkel, No. 239 North Ninth Street, Philadelphia. Advertise. Put on Stomach Worms and Tape Worms. Ask your druggist for a bottle of Kunkel's Worm Syrup. Price \$1 per bottle. It never fails.

—The Citizen's Band of Boalsburg is in a flourishing condition and again willing to blow fifty dollars worth of melody at the County Fair next Fall.

Bellefonte Markets.

BELLEFONTE, May 5, 1875. During the last week court was in session, but the attendance of farmers was slim, which did not assist business out of the general sluggishness.

WHEAT.—We advanced our quotations for wheat, but farmers are still reluctant to sell and there is little being offered, although there is plenty in the hands of the millers to supply home consumption.

CORN.—There is no shipping demand at present except for a car load occasionally. There is a large quantity in first hands throughout the county, which has a tendency to make prices steady.

RYE.—Rye is in demand for the distillers. The consumption seems to have increased during the last week.

OATS.—The price of oats is above millers figures, which prevents them from grinding into flour. There is a little demand for hotel feed, but prices vary.

BUTTER.—The supply of butter is exhausted. One of our grocers has ordered stock for immediate wants from an eastern market. This don't look very well for our agricultural community like that of Centre county. If the farmers would raise proper feed for cows that they can and should do, they could make good butter and obtain remunerative prices. Some of the butter sold to our merchants is hardly fit for pig feed or cart grease.

White Wheat per bushel.....\$1.10
 Red wheat.....1.05
 Rye per bushel......90
 Corn, ears......65
 Corn, shelled......65
 Oats, feed, choice......55
 Flour, retail per barrel.....6.00
 Flour, wholesale.....5.50

HAY AND STRAW.

Hay choice timothy per ton.....\$25.00
 Hay Mixed per ton.....20.00

STRAW FOR GLASS WORKS.

Out straw for packing per ton.....10.00
 Wheat straw, short per ton.....5.00

STRAW AT FATER MILLS.

Long rye straw, bundled per ton.....11.00
 Short straw per ton.....8.00

Provision Market.

Corrected Weekly by Brew & Son.

Apples, dried, per B.	10
Apples, per B.	15
Peaches, dried, per B.	15
Cherries, dried, per B.	8
Beans per quart.	10
Fresh Butter lb.	20
Cheese, per piece.	25
Turkeys, per lb.	10
Cheese per B.	22
Hams per B.	15
Bacon.....	12 & 14
Sides.....	11
Lard per B.	15
Eggs per doz.	15
Yellow, per pound.	15
Rags.....	7
Potatoes per bushel	70
Dried Beef.....	25
Beef by the side.....	25
Pork by the hog.....	80
Cod Fish per lb., Boneless.....	15
Cod Fish, whole.....	20
Canned Tomatoes, per can.....	20
Oranges per doz.....	50
Grapes, per lb.....	40

—Quotations of WHITE, POWELL & Co. Bankers and Brokers, 42 South Third Street, PHILADELPHIA, May 5, 1875.

BANKERS AND BROKERS, 42 SOUTH THIRD STREET,		
PHILADELPHIA, May 5, 1875.		
		RAID. ARMED.
U. S. 5-1861, C.	95 1/2	13 1/2
" " " 5-20, 1862, 1/2, 3/4, 1, 1 1/4, 1 1/2, 1 3/4, 2, 2 1/4, 2 1/2, 2 3/4, 3, 3 1/4, 3 1/2, 3 3/4, 4, 4 1/4, 4 1/2, 4 3/4, 5, 5 1/4, 5 1/2, 5 3/4, 6, 6 1/4, 6 1/2, 6 3/4, 7, 7 1/4, 7 1/2, 7 3/4, 8, 8 1/4, 8 1/2, 8 3/4, 9, 9 1/4, 9 1/2, 9 3/4, 10, 10 1/4, 10 1/2, 10 3/4, 11, 11 1/4, 11 1/2, 11 3/4, 12, 12 1/4, 12 1/2, 12 3/4, 13, 13 1/4, 13 1/2, 13 3/4, 14, 14 1/4, 14 1/2, 14 3/4, 15, 15 1/4, 15 1/2, 15 3/4, 16, 16 1/4, 16 1/2, 16 3/4, 17, 17 1/4, 17 1/2, 17 3/4, 18, 18 1/4, 18 1/2, 18 3/4, 19, 19 1/4, 19 1/2, 19 3/4, 20, 20 1/4, 20 1/2, 20 3/4, 21, 21 1/4, 21 1/2, 21 3/4, 22, 22 1/4, 22 1/2, 22 3/4, 23, 23 1/4, 23 1/2, 23 3/4, 24, 24 1/4, 24 1/2, 24 3/4, 25, 25 1/4, 25 1/2, 25 3/4, 26, 26 1/4, 26 1/2, 26 3/4, 27, 27 1/4, 27 1/2, 27 3/4, 28, 28 1/4, 28 1/2, 28 3/4, 29, 29 1/4, 29 1/2, 29 3/4, 30, 30 1/4, 30 1/2, 30 3/4, 31, 31 1/4, 31 1/2, 31 3/4, 32, 32 1/4, 32 1/2, 32 3/4, 33, 33 1/4, 33 1/2, 33 3/4, 34, 34 1/4, 34 1/2, 34 3/4, 35, 35 1/4, 35 1/2, 35 3/4, 36, 36 1/4, 36 1/2, 36 3/4, 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BELLEFONTE REPUBLICAN

BELLEFONTE, PA.

Agricultural.

THE SPELLING SCHOOL.

His name was Ephraim Blodgett; not specially renowned, except as champion speller in all the country round. Orthographical aspirants were apt to fare quite slim at any spelling match where they encountered Ephraim.

The spelling book he had by heart, and, like the dictionary; And science, at his tongue's end, laid its queer vocabulary. The dubious monosyllable he'd pour with perfect ease, And go through words as quick as light through a chaise.

You couldn't wear a spell, with any common alphabet, By which to capture Ephraim, or put him in a sweat; And his admirers frequently remarked of Ephraim, that he could spell the China-glyphics off from a chest of tea.

The people ceased to find in spelling schools their wonted fun, What show was there against this orthographic galling gun, That moved down all before it, with a rattling fusillade Of consonants and vowels punctiliously arrayed?

Just at the culmination of Ephraim's renown He took part in a spelling school in an adjoining town, Full soon the sole survivors of that orthographic war Were Ephraim and a school girl, his sole competitor.

With equal ardor, 'twixt these two, raged the uncertain fight, Where victory might perch at last was quite indefinite. With equal nerve they came to time, and accurately placed The insidious silent letter and the diphthong, Janus-faced.

In vain the weirdly mystic spells upon that girl were cast, The cabalistic letters dropped from her lips so fast. Vain likewise for a long time was the effort to suppress Ephraim's airy tongue that syllabled tough words with such success.

The audience was excited. "Stick to him, Sis," they cried. And "Go it, Ephraim," his partisans defiantly replied. But Ephraim was the hero of a hundred spelling schools, And, on the whole, his prestige made him the favorite in the pools.

In fact, though, they were laying for Ephraim. He got The word, at last, that dropped him as if he had been shot; The word that choked the Welshman when mortally from mortal Confused his tongue at Babel. A word without a vowel.

An ashen hue crept o'er his face when Ephraim heard her spell: "D-M-M-R-R-R-G-G-M-C-K-L-L." "Spell-bound upon a ragged edge of consciousness," gasped Ephraim. They buried him with a spelling book and a feeling of relief.

Treating Animals with Gentleness.

Dumb brutes have everything to learn. They are nearly as capable of appreciating kind treatment as many of the human species.

Many persons are disposed to think that if a young horse or an ox does not obey the commands of his driver he is obstinate and perverse and must be lashed. But the truth is, animals do not understand what is wanted of them.

All domestic animals can be made familiar with and encouraged to form a sort of affection for and confidence in their owners and managers. This can easily be accomplished, especially if commenced when they are young and persevered in by caressing and talking to them in a mild pleasant voice and showing a mild, familiar and pleasing expression of the countenance and especially of the eye.

Few seem to understand or realize the great effect the expression of the eye and the tone of the voice have on domestic animals. Take the horse for instance. Few teamsters seem to consider that his eye and ear are constantly on the watch to discover and understand what his master is going to do, or wishes him to do, and that no small share of this understanding is conveyed to him by and through the expression of the eye, and the tone of the voice. This is more especially true in regard to the colt, or young animal, which has learned but little in regard to the meaning of words, and can and will be induced much more by the eye and voice than the nature or meaning of the words used. Hence it is important to make the colt tame and familiar with its owner, to induce it to form a liking for and confidence in him.

By exercising a kind, patient but persevering firmness in all our relations with a colt he is always made to know and expect that he is to do whatever is required of him. This is the more readily and easier done for the reason that whatever had temper or disposition he may have, never being aroused, will have but little if any chance to show itself, and consequently give no trouble in subduing or breaking him of it. But by learning to have confidence in and dependence on his master, he is soon and easily brought to a condition in which he needs no breaking, but only needs to do whatever is wanted of him. This can be done the more readily for the reason that he is used to being caressed and talked to, and to understand and obey all the words that will be ordinarily used in driving and

working him.

The great difficulty in training colts is the unaccountable stupidity of the drivers. When a colt is harnessed he is told to "go on;" but he understands that language no more than a Tartar would understand an Englishman if he were to direct the Tartar to go to the field to work. We employed a man last season to do some plowing. He had a valuable pair of mules. He was frequently heard to say to his team, "Whoa, haw, gee, peddy." What sort of obedience could a mule, horse or any other team render to a driver giving such directions? 'Whoa' should never be employed except when it is desirable to have the team stop and stand still. If certain language is employed to signify certain movements a team will soon learn what is required of them; but when a teamster is incessantly bawling whoa!—haw! gee! peddy! or whoa-gee! gee-whoa! or Whoa-back! Gee! Go-long! a team will be confused, fear will be excited, so that ox, horse or mule will not know what to do more than run if possible, from such a stupid driver.

Many teamsters seem to think it an important part of driving to keep up a constant bawling at the team. Animals are not deaf. A horse, ox or mule will obey much more readily if he is commanded in a low tone of voice. We have known teamsters so addicted to the habit of halloping and bawling at their teams that we have frequently heard them, when a full mile distant, all the day long, bawl, bawl, bawl at their team. It is inexcusable for any teamster, to allow himself to become addicted to such an obnoxious habit. Speak in a low and pleasant tone of voice not only to teams, but to milch cows, calves, sheep and other animals. Think for a moment, respected reader, how you would feel or act were you among the Hindoos without being able to understand one word addressed to you, while talking boisterously to you, swinging their fists about your head and occasionally giving you an unceremonious slap because you failed to do as they had directed you.

RAYSCRAPS.

Solid men—iron merchants. Musicby handle—a street organ.

Fountains of humanity and civilization—printer's ink fountains. Two things a man should never be angry at—what he can and what he cannot help.

An advertisement says what it is told to say, no more no less. It can never misrepresent.

Mark Twain has a two-year-old boy weighing 100 pounds. They call him the broad innocent.

Most people fancy themselves innocent of those crimes of which they cannot be convicted.—*Seneca*.

It is said that when a female child is born in Indiana, the unhappy father begins to save money to buy a piano.

Intelligence is the distinguishing mark of the fair sex—even women who cannot read eagerly purchase a paper—of pins.

It occurred to a scholar, while writing a composition, to remark that "an ox does not taste as good as an oyster, but it can run faster."

The right is the supreme good and includes all other good. In seeking and adhering to it, we secure our true and only happiness.

Schelling: There is in every man a certain feeling that he has been what he is from all eternity, and by no means became such in time.

An English judge has recently defined "gentlemen" as a term which "includes anybody who has to do and is outside of the work-house."

The best way to play billiards is to sit in a high chair and make remarks, because then you are certain to win, however the balls may circulate.

Cudworth: The golden beams of truth and silver cords of love, twisted together, will draw men on with a sweet violence, whether they will or no.

Ananias recently appeared at a seance in Louisville, and was immediately engaged as a regular contributor to a Louisville paper.—*Rochester Democrat*.

"My lecture," said a California orator, "will be brief; A turnip hit him on the 'divide,' at that instant, and he announced: 'The meeting stands adjourned!'"

Said a gentleman to his mistress "you are very handsome." "Pooh!" said the lady, "so you would say if you did not think so," answered he, "though I should not say so."

"Andy, I am afraid you have been forgetting me," said a bright-eyed girl to her sweetheart the other day. "Yes Sue, I have been for getting you these two years."

Wise men mingle mirth with their cares, as a help either to forget or overcome them; but to resort to intoxication for ease of one's mind, is to cure melancholy by madness.

A bride in Indiana, after the conclusion of the marriage ceremony, stepped gracefully forward and requested the clergyman to give out the hymn: "This is the way I long have sought."

"That clock, stranger," said a Michigan farmer, "was the best kind of a clock up to six months ago, when my daughter began to have beans, and now the blamed thing is always two hours too slow."

A poor ill-used wife in Montreal said to her husband just before she died: "I accumulated such a store of love for you during our courtship that six years of neglect and coldness on your part have failed to exhaust it."

There is one disadvantage in having girls in the composing room. The young man who goes up to see how much matter is left over seems to have a terrible time finding the galley—it takes him an hour generally.—*Michigan Sentinel*.

A young lady has offered to darn the stockings of the local editor of the *Memphis Appeal*, by "weaving among the meshes golden strands of her own Auburn curls." Is there any limit to the audacity of these red-headed girls.

There is a young man in this city who cannot hold a skein of yarn for his mother without wincing, but he will hold 125 pounds for a neighboring family for the best part of the night, with a patience and docility that is certainly phenomenal.

Once in a while we find a man who prefers a city weekly to a home paper because "it's got more readin' in it." He is the same chap who buys the largest pair of boots in the box, because they cost no more than a smaller pair which fit him best.

Anty Diluvian relates the following:—A young man being asked by the lady to whom he was paying his particular distress! "What rules of housekeeping he meant to adopt," replied, smiling upon his fair one: "The rule of multiplication by small numbers."

"If I was a horse now," growled a big boy as he struggled up Griswold street yesterday, "I'd be stabled, rubbed down and fed; but I'm a boy and I've got to go home, clean off snow, bring in wood, tote water, and rock the durned old baby for an hour or two."

A loving heart and a pleasant countenance are commodities which a man should never fail to take home with him. They will best season his food and soften his pillow. It were a great thing for a man that his wife and children could say of him, "He never brought a frown or unhappiness across his threshold."

"Yes, sir," yelled a preacher in a Dakota church, one Sunday morning, "There's more lying, and swearing, and stealing, general devilry in the square inch in this here town than all the rest of the American country," and then the congregation got up and dumped the preacher out of the window.

A Missouri judge delivered a unique death sentence. He said to the candidate for the gallows: "If guilty, you richly deserve the fate that awaits you, if innocent, it will be a gratification for you to feel that you were hanged without such a crime on your conscience; in either case, you will be delivered from a world of care."

Profanity never did any man the least good. No man is richer, or happier, or wiser for it. It commends no one to any society. It is disgusting to the refined; abominable to the good; insulting to those with whom we associate; degrading to the mind; unprofitable and injurious to society.

A small boy sat down in a chair at the Central Station on Saturday to warm his feet, and, observing that the lad's mouth was stained with molasses candy, an officer asked: "So you like molasses candy eh?" "If I didn't do you a piece I'd git up'n the night and hook money out'n dad's wallet to buy it, and then squeeze into a bar'n in the alley so's not to let the boys see me eat it," indignantly responded the lad.

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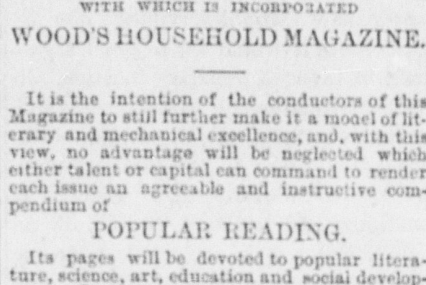
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the blood, the system moves on with
renewed vigor and a new lease of life.

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Wounds of all kinds.

USE HOLLOWAY'S EXPECTORANT for the
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AND SOLD AS CHEAP IF NOT CHEAPER
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REMOVAL.

F. C. RICHARDS

BELLEFONTE REPUBLICAN

BELLEFONTE, PA.

Lodge Directory.

Mayard Post, No. 90, A. R., meets every Monday evening, at 7 o'clock, in Bush's Arcade.

Belleville Lodge, No. 150, K. P., meets every Friday evening, at their hall, in Meek's Building, opposite the Bush House.

Centre Lodge, No. 153, I. O. O. F., meets every Thursday evening, at the Odd Fellow's hall. Degree meetings first Saturday of each month.

Minerva (Rebekah Degree) Lodge, No. 53, meets on the Saturday night next to and immediately before the full of the moon of each month, in Odd Fellow's hall.

Belleville Encampment, No. 72, I. O. O. F., meets at the Odd Fellow's hall, on the second and fourth Mondays of every month.

Belleville Lodge, No. 268, A. Y. M., meets on Tuesday evening, at 7 o'clock, on or before each moon, in Masonic Lodge, Bush's Arcade.

Belleville Chapter, 243, R. A. M., meets on Thursday night preceding the 27th of Friday of each month, in Masonic Lodge.

Constant Commandery, No. 3, K. T., meets on second Friday evening of each month, in Masonic Lodge.

Belleville and County.

Huntingdon county's Alms House had 84 indoor, and 554 outdoor paupers on its gruel roll, on the first of this month.

Prices Lowered.—Four pictures for twenty-five cents at Brady's gallery, up stairs in McClain's Block, opposite Bush House. Call and see us.

Richard I. Gibbs, of Boggs township, shot an eagle below Milesburg, on last Friday, that measured five feet and three inches from tip to tip.

Mr. J. B. Haupt, a native of this county, and a most excellent young man, has been elected city engineer of Altoona. He is a brother of Mr. Alison Haupt, the conductor.

Old Probabilities must have been celebrating the repeal of Local Option, the other day when he caded it to thunder and lightning in the midst of a snow storm in Crawford county.

Fire in Madisonburg.—On Thursday last, shortly after noon, a house belonging to and occupied by Dr. Schlegel, at Madisonburg, was destroyed by fire with all its contents. Loss estimated at \$1,200.

W. A. Biggart, pastor of the Baptist Church at Milesburg, will preach in the Court House at Belleville, at 8 o'clock, on Saturday evening the 29th inst. The public respectfully invited to attend.

The corner stone of the Pine Hall Lutheran Church, one and a half miles west of the State college, will be laid May 16th. All neighboring ministers and the community at large, are invited to be present.

Chester Munson Esq., of Phillipsburg, was appointed foreman of the grand jury last week, a fact which we forgot to mention in last week's issue. Mr. Munson performed his duties promptly and efficiently and the jury was discharged on the third day of the term.

Miles township was the first to settle for 1874 taxes. Unionville borough settled off the same day. The taxes in Miles amounted to about \$2000, clear of all exonerations; Unionville borough, something over \$200. John A. Miller, the collector in Miles, is the first Republican collector that township has had for many years.

Henry P. Harris has a twelve pound cannon ball which his grandfather obtained at the time of the Revolutionary War, which was used at that time. He proposes to present it to the Belleville Library Association, and after that it is to be sent to the Centennial exhibition at Phila., in 1876.

P. B. BARNUM IN BELLEFONTE.—P. T. Barnum's great traveling world's fair, museum, menagerie, caravan, circus and colossal exposition of all nations, covered by twenty canvas colleges, will visit Belleville on the 17th of May, next Monday week. The mountains could not go to Mahomet, and so Mahomet will come to the mountains. Glorious occasion!

COMPETITIVE EXAMINATION.—Hon. L. A. Mackey, our present congressman, has appointed Thursday, May 13th, as the time, and Lock Haven the place, of holding the competitive examination of all applicants for the appointment of cadet to the naval academy at Annapolis. The board of examiners consists of Professor A. N. Raub, of Clinton, D. H. Hastings, of Centre and Dr. Robert Wilson, of Clearfield.

PET BEARS.—Messrs. Hamill Boal, Calvin Ryle and George Hunter, all of Boalsburg, this county, are now the possessors of three young bears.

While on a fishing excursion in Stone Creek Gap, on Tuesday of last week, they came upon three cubs, and succeeded in capturing all of them. The first was caught without difficulty, but the other two climbed a large tree, which was felled. In falling, the tree lodged upon a pine, but the hunters climbed the tree, following them to the top, from which the cubs jumped—a distance of over sixty feet—to the ground. After a short chase they were captured and brought to Boalsburg.

TEMPERANCE MASS MEETING IN THE

COURT HOUSE ON FRIDAY EVENING.—A

rousing temperance mass meeting was

held in the Court House on Friday

evening last. The Belleville branch

of the Woman's National Christian

Temperance Union, observed the day

(Friday) as a day of fasting and prayer.

They assembled in large numbers at

nine o'clock A. M., in the Methodist

Church, and remained in fasting and

in prayer until five o'clock P. M. The

different themes of the meeting were

given in a previous number of the Re-

publican, and need not be recounted

here. In the evening one of the large-

st and most respectable audiences

that ever convened in this town, assem-

bled in the Court House. We were un-

able to be present until sometime after

the exercises had commenced, and the

crowd was so immense, that we were

able only to get standing room near

the door. Under these circumstances

we were not able to hear very well,

and our report will not be as full as it

otherwise would be. Mr. E. C. Humes,

president of the First National Bank,

was occupying the position of chair-

man, and Gen. W. H. Blair and Rev.

R. Crittenden had been chosen secreta-

ries. On the right of the president was

a volunteer choir, composed of the fol-

lowing ladies and gentlemen of the

temperance organization: Mrs. W. P.

Wilson, Mrs. J. P. Hughes, Mrs. Or-

bison, Doctors Harris and Hibler, and

a number of others, who, at intervals,

furnished excellent music.

Rev. R. Crittenden, before we came

in, had proposed the following ques-

tions concerning temperance. The

scripture answers were all given by in-

dividuals in the audience:

Question.—What does the Bible say about

wine? Answer.—Wine is a mocker, strong drink is

raging, and whoever is deceived thereby is

not wise. Prov. 20, 1.

Q.—What does it say about the intemperate?

A.—The drunkard and the glutton shall

come to poverty. Prov. 23, 21.

Q.—What was required of the mother of

Samson? A.—Now, therefore, beware, I pray thee,

and drink not wine nor strong drink. Judges 13,

4.

Q.—What did Hannah the mother of Samuel

say? A.—I have drunk neither wine nor strong

drink, but have poured out my soul before the

Lord. 1 Sam. 1, 15.

Q.—What was Daniel's resolution?

A.—Daniel proposed in his heart that he

would not defile himself with the portion of the

king's meat, nor with the wine which he drank.

Dan. 1, 8.

Q.—What was predicted of John the Baptist.

A.—At least he shall be great in the sight of the

Lord, and shall neither drink wine nor strong

drink. Luke 1, 15.

Q.—What does the Bible say of them that

drink to excess? A.—Woe unto them that rise up early in the

morning, that they may follow strong drink;

that continue until night, till wine inflame

them. Isaiah 56, 6, 7.

Q.—Does the Bible caution us only against

excessive use of wine? A.—Look not thou upon the wine when it is

red, when it giveth his color in the cup, when

it moveth itself aright. Prov. 23, 31.

Q.—What is the reason for this caution

against excessive use of wine? A.—At the last it biteth like a serpent,

and stingeth like an adder. Prov. 23, 32.

Q.—Are we to associate with the intemperate?

A.—Be not among wine bibbers; among riot-

ous eaters of flesh. Prov. 23, 30.

Q.—What does the Bible say of those who

give their fellow beings strong drink?

us not condemn nor abuse them, but pray for them, and take them by the hand and lift them up. [Applause.] After Mr. Lose's address, the choir sang a stirring song, beginning,

Ho! my comrades, see the signal,
Waving in the sky!
Reinforcements now appearing,
Victory now is nigh!
Hold the fort, for I am coming,
Jesus signals still,
Waive the answer back to heaven
"By Thy grace I will!"

Rev. Crittenden then addressed the audience in his usual style.

S. S. Lyon, Esq., arose, but thought five minutes was too short a time for him to say what he wished to. By the chair: "The gentleman may have ten minutes." [Laughter.] After some preliminary remarks, Mr. Lyon read the creed of the W. N. C. T. Union.

Rev. Hughes, of the academy, had lately picked a man out of the gutter in the night time, provided him with lodging and breakfast. In the morning, the fellow asked the reverend gentleman what office he was running for, as he would surely vote for him. [Laughter.]

Col. W. W. Brown, being called for, said that the demon Intemperance had been let loose. He appealed to all good people to spare no efforts to stop its progress, that he and all those who had wandered from the path of duty might be saved. Every man who indulges in the use of strong drink is in danger. How near did your humble speaker come to being lost. For seventeen years I was a member in good standing in the Methodist Church. Little did I think during that time that I would fall from grace. I remembered the words of the Psalmist, "let him that thinketh he standeth, take heed lest he fall." I never thought those words applied to me. If any man had said, "Brown, you are in danger," the speaker would have thought him foolish. How he had fallen would require more than a five-minute speech to tell. Never let liquor cross your lips and then, and then only, are you safe. Stop! stop now, while these praying Christian women intercede for you at the throne of of Heavenly grace. I say to you here and now that, so help me Heaven, the last drop of whiskey has gone down my throat.

After the choir had rendered another song, Rev. G. W. Miller, of the Methodist Church, took the floor. He had prepared an outline of his address, but as one after another of the speeches had been made he found it necessary to cross out item after item until now he found himself before this large assembly with his speech said by previous speakers. He insisted that there was no middle ground upon which any one could stand with reference to the temperance movement. Every man and woman must go squarely on the record. There was no half-way house. Of all deplorable things, that mean, unmanly, cowardly effort at neutrality on questions of public importance, is the most contemptible. The church has not met the temperance issue squarely. Her minister, officers and members must not dodge the issue; and if they do, he would invite them to step down and out. He would enforce the requirements of the discipline of his church and if the discipline did not cover all the ground, he would make the church too hot to hold him. He was glad that Judge Orvis had instructed the constables of this county, in unmistakable terms as to their duty. The present generation will not have passed away, he thought, before the manufacture and sale of intoxicating drinks will become so disreputable and disgraceful that a man can not be found mean enough to engage in the traffic. He was proud of philanthropic gentlemen who are establishing the Belleville Library and Reading Rooms. The united efforts of the temperance men and women of America would, with God's blessing, eventually wipe out the evil. Abraham Lincoln, was once asked how he intended to crush out the late Rebellion. His reply was, "by pegging away at them." We will overcome the liquor drinkers and dealers by pegging away at them. Mr. Miller was listened to with marked attention, and his speech was of the kind that sets people to thinking. The temperance cause has no able or more devoted exponent in this part of the State than this reverend gentleman.

A. O. Furst, Esq., was the last speaker. It was ten o'clock and he thought it was too late, but the ladies wanted to hear from the man who had so ably and so successfully labored in their behalf in the courts during the early part of the week. They had employed Mr. Furst as senior counsel, with a number of other attorneys, to prevent all improper persons from receiving licences. He had served them well and his report was listened to with great interest by all present. The sale of liquor, said the gentleman substantially, is now in the hands of fewer and more reliable men than he had ever known before. Licences have never been granted in this county, by any court, with more prudence and circumspection than by Judge Orvis, on last Tuesday. It remains now for the people to see that the provisions of the law are enforced to the letter. We would like to give a fuller detail of the speech made by Mr. Furst, but the limits of this already too long article

will not permit. He was well chosen to make the closing address at such a gathering. His views of the temperance situation were the well expressed views of the cool, thoughtful reasoner and able lawyer. He was loudly applauded at the conclusion, after which the assembly arose and sang Cornation when the president declared adjourned one of the largest and most enthusiastic temperance mass-meetings ever held in Centre county.

THE COAL MINERS' STRIKE IN THE PHILADELPHIA REGION.—Mining affairs remain much the same as last week. Mapieton, Franklin and Excelsior mines are the only ones that have since resumed, and they only with a light force, at the old price. Still, the output is increasing, and there has been no violent interference up to the time of our going to press. Fisher & Miller brought thirty-one men from Broad Top to put in their mine, but the men were met by Parks, the agent of the Association, and twenty of them induced to return, Parks paying their way home. The arrest of Parks, for the alleged utterance of threats, on this occasion, noticed elsewhere, gave rise to considerable feeling, and it is reported that threats were made against Capt. Clark, but as Parks was released on bail and returned to Houtzdale on Thursday the feeling subsided.

Xingo Parks, State Organizer of the Miner's National Association, the leader of the strike in this region, was arrested at Sterling mines on Wednesday morning by Captain Clark, of the police force, and taken to Clearfield in the caboose of the local freight. When the train arrived at this place he jumped from the caboose and drawing a pistol declared that the first man who attempted to take him was a dead man. Instantly the six policemen who had accompanied him, for fear his friends would attempt to rescue him, drew their pistols and closed on him, when he surrendered at discretion. He was placed on board the train, followed by several miners who had come in on Kincaid's train. They insisted upon riding to Clearfield with him in the caboose, which was contrary to the regulations of the Railroad company, and they were obliged to wait for the next train. From this point Capt. Clark and another policeman accompanied him to Clearfield, the other policemen returning to Houtzdale.—Phillipsburg Journal.

THE GUARD LECTURE.—Rev. Thos. Guard, of Baltimore, delivered the long promised lecture, on "The Two Bibles: Nature and Revelation," to a fair audience in the Court House on Tuesday evening. It was impossible for us to be present and, therefore, we can not speak authoritatively as to the lecturer or his discourse. The impression he made, however, upon his hearers was somewhat at variance with their expectations. His voice is not the strongest, and his articulation is quite rapid, which, with a decided foreign accent on every word, made it a difficult matter for his auditors to understand him readily. Besides this the acoustics of the Court House are not suited to his style of oratory. Those sitting near him, had a better opportunity to hear, but a number of persons who were in the rear of the building say they could not understand half he said. It seems rather pertinent, however, for a Belleville audience to set up its opinion against the national reputation which Dr. Guard has won by his efforts from the pulpit and desk. One of two things must be certain, that either the lecturer was away above the average auditor, or else the causes which we have named, combined to place him at a disadvantage. There is no doubt of his learning and ability, of his powers of thought and reason; and the great reputation which he has made, and to which we believe him justly entitled, will not be materially impaired by the honest criticisms of a Belleville audience, be they favorable or otherwise.

Col. D. G. Bush arrived in Belleville on Saturday morning, after a winter's sojourn, with his family, in Elizabeth city, N. C. He was warmly welcomed home again by our people generally, who, however, called him to account for staying away such a long time. The building of the Norfolk and Elizabeth railroad, of which Col. Bush is president, has been occupying his time and energies during his absence. He will remain at home for several weeks, after which he will again return to the scene of his extensive operations. The construction of the N. & E. railroad is going on vigorously and by next fall, we hope to be able to boast that a Belleville has built a railroad from Norfolk, Va., to Elizabeth city, North Carolina.

An important land case was to have been tried in our court this week, before Judge Elwell of Columbia county, in which the city of Philadelphia is plaintiff and Messrs. Smith, Rhoads and Smith, defendants. The question involved the location of certain valuable timber and mineral lands partially located in this county, which many years ago were devised to the city of Philadelphia for the benefit of her poor. Owing to some cause unknown to us the suit has been continued.

THE LUTHERAN "BEE."—The court house was crowded on Monday evening to witness the spelling contest under the auspices of the Lutheran Church. D. Z. Kline, Esq., was, on motion of H. Y. Stitzer, elected President and Major Harry Foster and Sheriff Shaffer, Vice-presidents. Messrs Edward T. Tuten and P. Gray Meek, were elected Secretaries; Levi A. Miller and W. F. Reber, were selected as the Captains of the contesting sides. Two large classes were called out and an hour was profitably spent in demonstrating how much of a stranger Webster's Dictionary is to some of our most intelligent people. Space will not permit us to individualize, and give the words improperly spelled by the different members of the classes, as we would very much like to do, because it would be a good argument in favor of popular education. J. Wesley Gephart stood up till the last and received the first prize, life of Napoleon Bonaparte. Miss Celia Sternburg won the second position and received a handsome gold pen and holder; D. S. Keller, Esq., took the third prize, a handsomely bound copy of Moore's poems. At the close of the regular contest a volunteer class was called, composed of gentlemen. These were better at volunteering than at spelling; they dropped off one by one like convicts under the headman's axe. D. S. Keller, Esq., and Mr. John Hoffer were the last going down, and were severely presented, as a reward of merit, with a handsome polar bear in miniature, valued at ten cents, and an ingeniously constructed jumping-jack, price five cents. The prizes were received with great satisfaction by the above gentlemen and amidst thunders of applause from the audience. The list of words was prepared by Messrs. Harry Foster and Sheriff Shaffer, and was the best we have yet seen. D. H. Hastings pronounced the words.

Here it is the 5th of May and we are going about with overcoats and gloves on, shivering amid snow squalls and raw piercing winds. What on earth is the matter with old probabilities anyway. Away from the sunny south, comes stories of strawberry festivals, new peas, green corn and the like. How aggravating to us, of the north, to sit by the stove with heavy coats on and read of these things and look out and wish it would quit snowing so we could run over the to office and order another ton of coal before the fire goes out. Wives go about cleaning house, scolding and finding fault with everybody and everything. Husbands are blue and on the ragged edge, and wonder why women can't have a little patience and wait till winter is over before they begin this miserable health and peace destroying, housecleaning business anyway, and then he remembers if he don't go to Sechler's immediately for groceries for over Sunday, he will not be able to get in for hours for the tremendous rush of people that will blockade the way. He seizes his basket and rushes out and is soon lost in the immense crowd, all going to Sechler's, where everybody goes for better groceries and more of them for less money than can be got elsewhere. Remember the place, Sechler's, in the Bush House Block, Belleville, Pa.

COMPLIMENTARY.—The following complimentary notice we clip from the columns of our neighbor, the Democratic Watchman of last week. The local hereof gratefully acknowledges the kindly manner in which they have spoken of him.

D. H. HASTINGS, Esq.—This gentleman, now and for nine years past, the efficient principal of the public schools of this borough, was, on Wednesday evening last, admitted to practice law in the several courts of Centre county. For several years past, Mr. Hastings has been quietly pursuing the study of the law, not making much fuss about it, but gradually acquiring a thorough knowledge of its principles, during the hours he could spare from school duties. The result is that he has passed, his committee say, a highly honorable examination, doing himself credit and displaying legal requirements not often exhibited by young men in the set out of their careers.

Mr. Hastings' committee of examination were A. O. Furst, Adam Hoy and Jack L. Spangler, Esq's, three gentlemen fully competent to put a man through a very severe course of sprouts. They informed us that they laid on and spared not, but that the candidate fared the ordeal without flinching. After the close of the examination, Mr. Hastings invited the committee, together with Judge Orvis, S. H. Youcem and D. F. Fortney, Esq's, Hon. S. T. Shugart, W. P. Duncan, Dr. Harris and Adolph Leach, to an elegant supper, which he had prepared for them at the Bush House, where the party very much enjoyed themselves celebrating the happy event which had placed another star in the legal firmament.

We offer our sincere congratulations to Mr. H., and wish him great success as a lawyer. He is a young man of talent and energy, and there is nothing to prevent him from rising in distinguished position in his profession.

On Saturday night about eleven o'clock one unknown female in company with an unknown man, while walking up High Street, were attacked by three roughs, one of whom knocked the female down by a blow with his fist. A general squabble ensued and, there being no police, they fought out the difficulty *ad libitum*. All drunk.

The school board of Belleville planted fifty assorted silver and sugar maple trees in the school grounds on last Friday. The trees were obtained from the nursery of W. P. Fisher, Unionville, and are very fine specimens.

—Mr. Wm. Parsons, Jr., a shrewd lawyer and a very excellent citizen of Lock Haven, dropped in to see us on Friday last. His stay was entirely too short, but pleasant while it lasted. We exchanged hard words with each other, that is, in the way of pronunciation, and after succeeding in selling the writer of this, Wm. went away happy. Come again and stay longer.

—Mr. Conrad, editor of the McVeytown Journal, was in town last week, and called at our office. He reports business improving at McVeytown, as indeed it seems to be all over the state. Mr. Conrad is known to many of our people by the hand he took in the election last fall. He made his little neutral paper right lively.

—We were sorry to learn that on Sunday the 18th, Rev. T. M. Reese, Presiding Elder of the Altoona District of the M. E. Church, fell down a pair of stairs into the cellar of Mr. T. D. Boyer's house in Tyrone. In the fall he injured his back quite severely, he was able however, to reach his home in this place, on Tuesday following.

—Williamsport is beginning to talk about making preparations for the Reunion of the Reserves, to be held there this year. Williamsport is some of a place, but she'll have to do her level best if she makes a finer success of it than Belleville did last year.

—Last week was a dreadful cold disagreeable one. Beecher would have called it a slice of winter. We heard several call it cold, but they had another word before cold.

THE NEW CHURCH.—At a meeting of the official board of officers of the M. E. church, held on Wednesday evening last, the soliciting committee reported a sufficient amount of money subscribed, to warrant the erection of the proposed new church on the corner of Spring and Howard streets. A resolution was unanimously passed authorizing the building committee to proceed forth with. The parsonage building, fence and other structures now upon the lot were sold on Saturday to the Lucas Brothers of Coleville. The excavating commenced on Monday and we have assurances that the new church will be completed by September next.

—The Grand Commandery of Knights Templar of Pennsylvania will hold the annual convocation in Pittsburgh during the last week of this month, beginning on the 27th. The representatives from Constant Commandery No. 23 of this place are Messrs. S. T. Shugart, Constant Curtin, D. G. Bush, J. Miles Green, C. T. Fryberger and F. Potts Green.

—Mr. J. Fearon Mann of Lewis-town has leased the well-known Mann's Axe Factory above town, and is overhauling and repairing the works, preparatory to starting them in full force. Mr. Mann belongs to the axe-making family of that name, which is sufficient guaranty for the future success of the works he has taken charge of.

—S. D. Gray and E. M. Blanchard, both of whom have been quite ill lately, are gradually recovering and we hope soon to see them about as usual.

MARRIED

On April 15, 1875, by the Rev. W. O. Wright, at the residence of Mr. J. H. Linn, Mr. Frank E. Taylor and Miss Mary E. Stuart, both of Milesburg, Pa.

On the 4th inst., by Rev. W. L. Leland, Mr. Franklin Bierly to Miss Dianna Grading, both of Clinton Co.

[On the 15th ult., by Rev. John J. Pearce, in Williamsport, Mr. James C. Copland to Miss Annie E. Thomas, all of Williamsport.]

In Lock Haven, at the residence of the bride's parents, on the 21st of April, 1875, by Rev. U. F. Swaine, Mr. J. O. W. Love, of Centre Hill, to Miss Clara A. Lent.

In Loganville, 18th ult., by Rev. A. Lonsdard, Mr. Wm. Nicolas to Miss Carstetter, both of Tylerville.

On April 21, 1875, at the residence of the bride's father in Eagleville, by Rev. W. A. Biggart, Mr. Daniel Giesemer and Miss Lydia Snyder, both of Eagleville, Pa.

DIED.

"Mighty ones, Love and Death!"
"Ye are strong in this world of ours."

On the 11th ult., in Lewisburg, Miss Annie, daughter of W. C. and Mary J. Duncan, aged about 14 years.

On the 11th ult., at Millheim, Mr. Augustus E. Deisinger, aged 77 years, 10 months and 17 days.

On the 15th ult., Perry Smith, son of J. and M. Hazel, aged 3 years, 10 months and 23 days. Short was thy suffering time,
And wondrous thy reward;
Thy soul has gone unstained by crime,
To stand before thy Lord.

On April 14, 1875, Kitta Wesley, son of Geo. and Susan Rupp, aged 9 months and 12 days. Go little loved one, go,
A mother's heart can tell;
And none but he can fully know,
How hard to say farewell.

In Loganville, of Typhoid Pneumonia, Mrs. Sarah Carstetter, in the 47th year of her age.

In the east end of Sugar Valley, on April 11, Mrs. Eve Trotter, in the 88th year of her age.

On April 29, in Harris twp., of palsy, Daniel Kimport, aged about 74 years.

In Williamsport, (Clearfield Co., Pa.) April 21, 1875, William B. Butler, aged 51 years, 10 months and 23 days.

In Coleville, on the 8th ult., Mrs. Martha, wife of John Cole, aged 34 years, 9 months and 14 days.